

IN MEMORIAM



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TORONTO

In Memoriam

By

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

WITH ANALYSIS AND NOTES BY

H. M. Percival

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PREFACE.

THESE pages are drawn up from notes of lectures to my English Classes. In them I have, as a rule, avoided all discussions, confining myself, on doubtful points, to stating my own view and leaving it to speak for itself. for in poetry, I have found, the right explanation is at once felt to be such by instinct or intuition,—a something that discussion cannot help or shake. I have refrained from giving any parallel passages for two reasons: the one is that I have heard that Tennyson disliked them, the other, that they have already been sufficiently given by others. While lecturing I looked into Mr Tainsh's *Studies* and Dr Bradley's *Commentary*, and derived much help from the latter, both from the author's own studies and from those of preceding commentators reproduced by him. I have also, since, looked at Mr. Genung's *Study* and Mr. Gatty's *Key*. What in my Notes and Analysis is due to help from all these sources, and what is given correctly for the first time, as well as what still remains without any correct explanation either from others or from me, the reader can find out for himself, if he cares. But I should like to think that the one thing he cares for is the poem itself, and not the comparative merits of

commentaries on it: and I would ask him to try and understand the poem, not in the sense of an exercise of intellect and ingenuity, so much as in the light of a lay scripture given to us for the elevating and purifying of the emotions, and the chastening of the heart.

H. M. P.

Since the above was written, the Notes and Analysis have been revised throughout. I have also corrected my work from the recently published edition of *In Memoriam*, annotated by the Author and edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson, and also from the latter's *Memoir* of the poet.

H. M. P.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ANALYSIS,	ix
*IN MEMORIAM,	1
NOTES,	120

cease together, and time should scornfully point to me as the man that had ceased to grieve for what he once had loved.

II. This yew tree, never losing its gloom, summer or winter, makes me for a moment think that its stubborn endurance, its seeming insensibility to change, may be mine.

III. The sorrow that teaches falsely that blind fate rules the destiny of the soul of man, as it rules the destiny of inanimate nature: and that both are mere phantoms, delusions, destined to pass away into nothingness:—shall I accept her fellowship, or refuse her entrance into my heart?

IV. At night, during what should be the hours of sleep, an undefinable sense of loss benumbs me into a state in which I cannot even ask *what* it is that I have lost, but only wish for death: with the morning I shake off this torpor, and resolve to find relief for my grief.

V. Such relief I do find in committing my grief to words in these poems; though words but half express my deep grief.

VI. "Death is a calamity common to the human race; and the living should console us for the dead:" says one—no, they cannot: bear witness, parents who have lost sons, the betrothed that has lost her future lord, I that have lost my friend—bear witness all, that by a sudden death, have lost what can never be replaced. Perpetual maidenhood for her, no second friend for me, to replace the one I have lost.

VII, VIII. The associations with his memory—his house, the fields where we walked together—are now darkened by his death. But that gift of poetry in me whose productions pleased him, will again be exercised by me in writing this elegy, to be dedicated to his memory.

IX-XVII. [Tennyson begins this poem of his grief here, by an address to the ship that bears his friend's remains to his native land, from foreign shores. This address begins and ends with the same words, ("He whom I shall not see, till all my widowed race be run,") and throughout keeps before our eyes the constant theme of his grief.]

IX, X. Wind and water and the heavens—may they all prosper the ship that bears him to these shores: for it is a human weakness—an "idle dream"—to wish to be ourselves buried, and see those we loved also buried, in consecrated ground, in our own native land: [and not, like Lycidas, be swallowed up by the ocean, or, like Keats, rest in foreign soil.]

V. *Of the same old story, the same old story, the same old story.*

AV. *and my despair.*

XVI. Or is this change merely of surface moods, passing over the unchanging depths of grief? Or has the shock of this trouble stunned my mind and made me confound the true with the false?

XVII. [The ship arrives with her precious burden, and the poet dismisses her from his thoughts, with fervent

and almost dying to see my friend

XVIII. *and almost dying to see my friend*

song when her young ones are stolen away, because she cannot help it.

XXII, XXIII. From the grave my mind goes back along the pathway of life to the four happy years of friendship, and to that fifth year when we met the shadow, death, lying in wait, who stretched her fatal arms, and held her victim

pursuits, and all things around us seemed fair and good and full of hope.

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XI. Calm of nature all around me - but only the restless
 calm of despair within me. Calm on the sea, and the still
 calm of death in the breast of him that it bears to me.
 XII-XIV. My restless spirit, at one time, flies forth to
 meet the ship in mid ocean; at another, fancies that it is
 all a dream—that he is not dead, and that when the ship
 arrives I may see him and meet him in life and unchanged
 and ready to greet me as of old.

XV. Nature changes her mood from calm (s. xi) to rough,
 and my mind, as if in response, seems to change from calm
 to wild unrest, in keeping with this change.

XVI. But can the mind that suffers sorrow so change?
 Or is this change merely of surface moods, passing over the
 unchanging depths of grief? Or has the shock of this trouble
 stunned my mind and made me confound the true with the
 false?

XVII. [The ship arrives with her precious burden, and
 the poet dismisses her from his thoughts, with fervent
 blessings on her future voyages.]

XVIII. [The funeral, January 1834.] My "home-bred
 fancy" is gratified, and he is buried in the land where he
 was born. And yet would that I might breathe even now
 my almost dying life into my friend.

XIX, XX. The two griefs—the deeper and the lighter—
 that, like the flood and ebb tides of the Severn, on whose
 shores he lies buried, flow and ebb in my heart. The deeper
 grief, unutterable, unhealable, life long—the lesser grief
 relieving itself by finding utterance in song.

XXI. My song is as the song of one that mourns by the
 grave. Those who, passing by, hear me, scoff or deride or
 are indignant. But they knew not him whom I mourn, and
 know not that I mourn because I must, as a bird mourns in
 song when her young ones are stolen away, because she
 cannot help it.

XXII, XXIII. From the grave my mind goes back along
 the pathway of life to the four happy years of friendship
 and to that fifth year when we met the shadow, death, lying
 in wait, who snatched my friend away, and who I think now
 lies in wait for me too. And I walk along, alone, wear
 desolate, to meet the shadow; and I cry how changed is the
 path here from what it was when we two together walked
 along it in perfect fellowship of youth and intellect
 pursuits, and all things around us seemed fair and
 and full of hope.

XXIV. But was the past indeed so perfect, or does it only seem so now by contrast with the present or through the enchantment distance lends?

XXV-XXVII. No: it was not perfect, and these four years were years of chequered human life: but they were years of love, and love halves the burden of life: and I will drag myself along this weary path of life, only to prove that love cannot die; and if my love is destined to die, then may I meet that shadow—may I die—to-night; for I care not for life without freedom, without moral law, without love.

XXVIII, XXIX. Christmas Eve [of '34] comes round with its old customs—carols and the holly bough: and we, the friends of him who is dead, do not omit to observe these time-honoured outward forms of customary rejoicing.

XXX. And our hearts rise through successive steps, from sadness, first, to a vain attempt at rejoicing, then to a peaceful feeling that he is at rest in the grave, and, last, to a happy feeling that he is risen from the grave, and is now a free spirit ranging the Universe. For, is not to-morrow the anniversary of the birth of Him who brought hope into the world of a rising from the grave?

XXXI, XXXII. When Lazarus was raised from the dead, those dearest to him were filled to the full with happiness at the bare event. They did not ask questions as to *what* it is to die, and *where* the dead go after death. It is enough for them that he was dead and is alive again, and that He who had brought him from death back to life is before them; faith in whom—gratitude towards whom—fill all their soul, and leave no room for curiosity and subtle speculations regarding the next world, but lead them to show it in prayer and good works and purity of life.

XXXIII. Such faith as theirs—faith through form—is not less pure, is not less conducive to purity of life, and is more fruitful of good works, than faith that does not show itself in outward form, and holds solely by the law within.

XXXIV, XXXV. But to me, to die at once—even by my own hand—would be preferable to life, prolonged without faith in a future life: and love, without such faith, would be the love of an hour, the fellowship of brute animal natures. Nor would the sight of inanimate soulless nature, ever passing from existence to destruction, reconcile me to the idea of a similar birth and death of love in me: for love that can die is love without sweetness—love already half-dead.

XXXVI. Though man may darkly guess of the Word of God—of spiritual truths (such as the immortality of the soul and of love) in this earthly life, yet it is the enlightenment of the next world that will give him the full knowledge of these things.

XXXVII. The heavenly muse (whose sons alone are privileged to unveil the mysteries of the next life) rebukes my earthly muse for attempting such a task. My muse gambles, but only adding on subjects

with it no joy for
as this elegy is,
neither theology
(xxxii), nor philosophic religion (xxxi), nor the poetry
that professes to have penetrated the veil of the Divine
Mystery of the next world (xxxvi) will have success.

reason why.

XLII. During life I was linked with him in his progress

in earthly.

XLII. But this is an idle fancy; for during life on earth he ranked above me, and yet we were not strangers to each other, and so there too we may still be friends, and I shall have the happiness of reaping the fruits of his larger experience.

XLIII. May not death be a sleep, during which the memories of our friendship on earth, like a flower folded by night, also sleeps? If so, it will awaken as pure and whole as before, when the soul awakens to the life after death.

XLIV. On earth man grows in mind and body, but he forgets the days of infancy, except faint flashes, perhaps, of reminiscence. In the next world, does man, as he ever grows in spiritual powers, have faint reminiscences, too,

ANALYSIS.

ers may enjoy—does not bestow good on some without acting evil on others.

LVI. Nature's law seems to go even further, in opposition the law of divine love: for nature seems to say "I care preserve neither individual nor race, neither body nor soul; but I bring into existence only to destroy"

LVII. Such speculations in earthly song regarding things not of earth, are fruitless on this side of the grave. [And here Tennyson bids farewell to Hallam and leaves his grave-side.]

LVIII. The muse—my consciousness of poetic powers within me—tells me that life is still worth living, though half my life—my friend—is taken away. for I may yet take a nobler farewell of him in a great poem that will show that love cannot die [This is the first indication of a resolution to link up these hitherto scattered poems into sections of one connected poem, which, beginning with doubt and despair, will end in clear conviction of the immortality of the soul and of friendship—will end in faith and hope. Hitherto he has spoken of these sections as "random songs"]

LIX. Such a poem is possible only if sorrow takes up her lasting abode in my heart.

LX, LXI. His was a nobler and more gifted nature than mine. and, in the enjoyment of the company of the departed wise and good now in heaven, he will still find that, though inferior to them and to him, in these qualities, I am yet their equal in my love for him.

LXII, LXIII. If he, now lifted to a higher sphere, should feel that his love for me, in this lower sphere, should be a hindrance to his higher aspirations, then let the love between us die. Yet the love of a superior for an inferior should offer no such hindrance. Thus, my love for my dog is not a hindrance to my higher aspirations why, then, should his love for me be one to his?

LXIV. [Another analogy to point out the difference between Hallam's high estate now and Tennyson's low estate.] Does he remember me, as I remember him?

LXV. He does for love is too precious to be lost, even in Heaven and may my love help him in his high sphere as his helps me in mine on earth

LXVI. If I am now seemingly cheerful and happy, it like the resigned cheerfulness of a blind man—of one who has suffered a loss that grief cannot repair.

LXVII. The same moonlight shines into my bedroom and into the church where he lies buried; and the same dawn casts its gray over us both—the living and the dead.

LXVIII. I dream of my dead friend as alive; and [in the confusion incident to dreams] I see, on *his* face, the troubles of my own mind.

LXIX. [His dream passes on to something that is allegorical of his own state: and his friend—half recognized, half a stranger—again mingles in it.] With a touch he changes my crown of dead thorns into one of living foliage, and, in low and happy tones, speaks to me something I cannot understand.

LXX. [In the midst of the weird visions of his dream, he suddenly recognizes his friend's face.]

LXXI. [At last his dream settles down to something clear and defined—they seem to be travelling together in France: and he asks sleep, as he has brought down his friend from Heaven, so to complete his happiness, by removing the haunting sense of loss that does not leave him—asleep or awake.]

LXXII. [An interval between this and the preceding section. It ushers in the second anniversary of Hallam's death.] It is a rainy and cheerless morning, but if it had been a bright and cheerful day, it would have been equally indifferent to me.

LXXIII. So much to be done in the worlds of thought and action, and so little yet done: so vast the field, and so few the labourers! Who knows what my friend may not have achieved had he lived? but he was cut off, and his name is lost to fame. But what is fame? it, too, perishes: and that energy of his mind, that might have achieved this perishing fame, is now devoted to the nobler work of the self-development of the soul.

LXXIV. Something of this ever-developing soul—of his kinship to the great and wise of the past—I think I saw in the dead face of my friend; but more I will not say, since death has cut off his promise.

LXXV. The greatness of my grief is the sole measure of the greatness of my friend's mind, nor do I care to set forth in poetry his praises to this world, that cares only for *actual* performances, not for *possible* powers, prematurely cut off. But, in another world, these powers now have full scope for activity, and a full measure of fame.

LXXVI. Before the infinity of space and time, the fame

of a poet shrinks into nothing, and the life of a poem is

will soon be forgotten,
 will write it, for to me to
 are more than fame,
 and the thread is resumed
 and Christmas festivities

are alike
 like; and

if I had
 died in his arms, his faith in God and his peace with mankind, would have
 been deeper to me,
 and herein I see forth
 will cease to sorrow to calm

XXXI In this frame of mind, I draw consolation even
 in this that it suddenly

an
 option on
 the fact now for something, for they
 flow, for him

My
 cheerful, rather than the gummy, from
 spring, rather than winter: seeks to break forth in song,

XXXX. I am a friend
 friend than to have had and lost me, to my true friend I
 living friend's gentle reproach, whether in my grief for the
 dead I am not neglecting the living, I answer that since my
 dead friend was taken away and I was left behind alone I

have felt his spirit influencing my life, and giving me strength in the midst of my solitary grief. Therefore has grief not succeeded in crushing all natural impulses and human hopes in me : and these make me now long for his friendship—the friendship of one living, though I feel the friendship with the dead to be eternal—indestructible by a new friendship. The voice of my friend beyond the grave seems to exhort me to take a living friend to myself, who can speak to me in human speech, which he, the dead, cannot do. Therefore, in full faith that I shall again be united to him, the object of my first friendship, and in obedience to his wish, thus conveyed to me from beyond the grave, I desire to take another friend here on earth, who shall have such remains of my widowed love as I can bestow.

LXXXVI. [We are to suppose the offer of this new friendship to be made and accepted.] My mind now passes from doubt and thoughts of death, towards peace and hopes of renewed life ; and I find in nature's aspect, this spring season, a sympathy with this my new frame of mind.

LXXXVII. I visit Cambridge, his University and mine ; and there, recollections of him as the best speaker in our debating club, come to my mind.

LXXXVIII. And mingled feelings of joy and grief fill my breast ; and I ask the nightingale, whose song knows both, to teach me how to give them expression.

LXXXIX. [He describes the country place—the residence of the Tennysons, where Hallam used to find relaxation from the dust and din of the town : and how they passed the time there during these visits.]

XC. That cynicism is a false calumny on true love or friendship, that says the dead, if they came back to life, would meet with a cold welcome from those that externally mourned at their death—from wife and children !—false—for I know *I* long for my friend's return to life, and not a single thought in me opposes the longing.

XCI. I long to see him again—and to see him, in his old earthly shape : not in a dream in the darkness of night as a ghost, but in the waking hours of daylight in summer, in his earthly shape, but suffused with the light of the next world.

XCII. But were he to appear to me in *any* shape visible to the eyes of the body, and were even to give proofs of his reality and identity by recalling the past or prophesying

the future, I would think it to be only the product of my own fancy.

XCI. Therefore must I conclude that he can never revisit me in the body, as I had fondly hoped, but his spirit only may hold communion with mine. O! then let thy

ig man be, in
om a spirit of

ft alone on the
pirit *does* hold
He reads his
re his friend's
this vision, it

is dawn !}

XCVI. You think that doubt is ever joined to an evil life, and never can lead to faith: but I know that in him was joined doubt to a pure life, and that a struggle with doubt and victory over it led to a faith stronger than the faith of creeds—the faith that shuts fast its eyes to doubt.

XCVII My love sees itself reflected everywhere. thus when I look upon a husband and wife—the one strong in

loves contend for precedence in my breast—love for ti

place of my birth and boyhood, and love for the place of my youth and friendship.

CIII. [37, before Christmas. The night before the Tennysons leave their old home, he dreams a dream, which interpreted, means the journey of life in this world, in the company of the muses, ending in reunion with his friend in the next world, and the resumption of their poetic pursuits there.]

CIV. [After another interval; the Christmas of '37, but no longer in the old home, which they have left for a new one.]

CV. In this my new home, I no longer care to keep up the time-honoured festivities of the old home of my childhood. I only ask that, on this day, I may have immunity from the cares that daily haunt life, so that I may dedicate it all to memories of the past.

CVI. [New Year of '38.] The going out of the Old, and the coming in of the New Year, kindles in me the fervent wish that the old era of all that is false in human nature and human institutions, may pass away, and a new era of what is true in these, may begin. What this "false" and this "true" comprehend

CVII. [February 1st, '38.] I commemorate with joyous heart the anniversary of his birthday. [This is one of those indications, that run through the poem, of the changes from violent to subdued grief, and thence to equanimity, that the course of years works upon the poet's mind, leaving it, at the close of the poem, in a state of recovered happiness.]

CVIII. I feel at length that grief has humanized my soul. I no longer see any fruit from speculations upon the life spirits lead in the next world, such as I once indulged in; but I see much fruit in learning wisdom from sorrow for his death, if I have not gathered much fruit from his wisdom when he was alive.

CIX. What that wisdom in him was, from which I might have gathered richer fruit than I have. [That is; Hallam's gifts and character: under which is drawn a picture of his private life and conversation, his gifts of intellect, his moral character, his political principles, and the winning grace of his personality.]

CX, CXI. The influence he exercised over those with whom he came in contact: he was a born leader of men: he was the true gentleman: what *that* is, and how different

from that false "gentleman," too often met with in society and the life of fashion.

CXII. My remarks reflecting more of the unaccomplished greatness of my friend than of the narrower perfection of others, are that my love for him makes me think so, and that though he accomplished little, while there have been accomplished much, what he could have done is far beyond what these have actually done. What it is that he could have done.

CXIII, CXIV. What his genius might have done in statesmanship. What it consisted in:—not in knowledge, but in wisdom. What is knowledge? It is incapable, it cannot look beyond the present; it seeks to subvert passion, such as love of power. What is wisdom? It is the guide and check of knowledge; it has faith in what knowledge cannot know, namely, the future and the next life; and it cherishes love, which is all unlike passion that enslaves knowledge.

CXV. [Spring of '38: spring returns both to the land, and to the poet's breast.]

CXVI. In this happy spring season, the balance in my mind between grief for the old friendship and hope in the new that is to come, at last inclines towards the latter—and I now grieve less than I hope.

CXVII. This new friendship will be the rebirth of love in the next life,—a love that only gathers strength from delay while life lingers here on earth.

...

we still for ever
created, not to
of ascension in
that is to raise

the latter through trial, from man to a state higher than man's; as it has already raised him from beast to man.

CXIX. [He visits again the street where his friend once lived: and, now, in a happier spirit.]

CXX. The memories of spiritual friendship tell me that man though once perhaps a beast, is not a mere material development from a beast, but was born with the spiritual instinct, latent in him throughout the long ages of his degradation.

CXXI. The morning star follows upon the evening star, and both are the same: even so my present happiness follows upon my past grief, and the source of both is the same, namely my love.

CXXII. If his spirit was by me, when I rebelled against the tyranny of grief, let it be by me now, when I triumph over that tyranny.

CXXIII. The face of material nature changes in the course of geologic ages, but friendship remains unchanged in the eternal spirit of man.

CXXIV. What is that eternal of eternals—that all of alls—God? I *know* not. Neither natural theology, with its argument from design, nor dogmatic theology, with its fine-spun systems, can enable me to *know* God. But, within my untutored breast, I *feel* that God exists, and that He is my father—the father of my eternal soul and spirit.

CXXV. Even when my lips uttered bitter words of despair, hope still was not lost within my heart: and whether my words were of despair or of hope, love still inspired them.

CXXVI. Love ever has been the ruler of my heart: through love's messengers I receive tidings of my friend, under love's guard I live secure in faith in this world, and from love's sentinel I receive the assurance of my hope—"all is well."

CXXVII. All is well: and this revolution in my own mind from despair to hope, has its parallel in revolutions in states, where order rises out of disorder, and injustice and violence are triumphant only for a time; but at the end *all is well*.

CXXVIII. For he, whose spiritual faith has enabled him to evolve hope out of grief, has also that lesser faith, that believes that the grief of states, breaking forth in disorder and tumult, has been ordained by the Supreme Ruler, as a means to the ends of peace and order: without such an end, history would be merely a *repetition* of itself; and there would be no *progress* from the lower towards the higher.

CXXIX. The two natures of my friend: the lower, human, the happiness from which I have known and lost; and the higher, divine, the happiness from which I shall know and never lose; and with which will be mingled the happiness of all the world.

CXXX. For I feel he is now a power diffused through all the world: but as he is thus grown vaster, my love for him has grown vaster too; and though he is thus diffused through God and Nature, he has not lost his individuality for me, and I shall love *him* all the more, and I shall not lose *him* though I die.

CXXXI. This conclusion have I reached through the

CONCLUSION: referring to events in 1842, on the occasion of the marriage of one of the poet's sisters.



I

i

I stand in truth with him who stays
To one dear harp or dream alone,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

ii

But who shall so I reckon the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand that time to catch
The faded interest of years?

iii

Let Love and Grief both be denied,
Let darkness keep her seven gates;
Ah, remove us to drink with love
To dance with death to beat the ground,

iv

That thus the voice of Earth should utter
The long words of love and loss,
'Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overthrown.'

II

i

Old Yew, which grapples at the roots
That make the underlying land,
Thy fibres are the dreamless dead,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

ii

The seasons bring the dower again
And bring the dawning to the dusk;
And in the dusk of time, the clock
Beats on the little lives of men.

vi

We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

vii

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

viii

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
We mock thee when we do not fear :
But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

ix

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me ;
What seem'd my worth since I began ;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

x

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

xi

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth ;
Forgive them where they fail in truth
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

I

i

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

ii

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

iii

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven gloom;
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

iv

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
'Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.'

II

i

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the under-lying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

ii

The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the fawling to the flock;
And in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

iii

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
 Who changest not in any gale,
 Nor branding summer suns avail
 To touch thy thousand years of gloom :

iv

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
 Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
 I seem to fail from out my blood
 And grow incorporate into thee.

III

i

O SORROW, cruel fellowship,
 O Priestess in the vaults of Death,
 O sweet and bitter in a breath,
 What whispers from thy lying lip?

ii

'The stars,' she whispers, 'blindly run
 A web is wov'n across the sky ;
 From out waste places comes a cry
 And murmurs from the dying sun :

iii

'And all the phantom, Nature, stands—
 With all the music in her tone,
 A hollow echo of my own,—
 A hollow form with empty hands.'

iv

And shall I take a thing so blind,
 Embrace her as my natural good ;
 Or crush her, like a vice of blood,
 Upon the threshold of the mind?

IN MEMORIAM

IV

i

o Sleep I give my powers away ;
My will is bondsman to the dark ;
I sit within a helmless bark,
And with my heart I muse and say :

ii

O heart, how fares it with thee now,
That thou should'st fail from thy desire,
Who scarcely darest to inquire,
'What is it makes me beat so low ?'

iii

Something it is which thou hast lost,
Some pleasure from thine early years.
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost !

iv

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross
All night below the darken'd eyes ;
With morning wakes the will, and cries,
'Thou shalt not be the fool of loss.'

V

i

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel .
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within

ii

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies ;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

iii

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
 Like coarsest clothes against the cold :
 But that large grief which these enfold
 Is given in outline and no more.

VI

i

ONE writes, that 'Other friends remain,'
 That 'Loss is common to the race'—
 And common is the commonplace,
 And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

ii

That loss is common would not make
 My own less bitter, rather more :
 Too common ! Never morning wore
 To evening, but some heart did break.

iii

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
 Who pledgedst now thy gallant son ;
 A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
 Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

iv

O mother, praying God will save
 Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,
 His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
 Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

v

Ye know no more than I who wrought
 At that last hour to please him well ;
 Who mused on all I had to tell,
 And something written, something thought ;

IN MEMORIAM.

vi

Expecting still his advent home ;
 And ever met him on his way
 With wishes, thinking, 'here to-day,'
 Or 'here to-morrow will he come.'

vii

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,
 That sittest ranging golden hair ;
 And glad to find thyself so fair,
 Poor child, that waitest for thy love !

viii

For now her father's chimney glows
 In expectation of a guest ;
 And thinking 'this will please him best,'
 She takes a riband or a rose ;

ix

For he will see them on to-night ;
 And with the thought her colour burns ;
 And, having left the glass, she turns
 Once more to set a ringlet right ,

x

And, even when she turn'd, the curse
 Had fallen, and her future Lord
 Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,
 Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

xi

O what to her shall be the end ?
 And what to me remains of good ?
 To her, perpetual maidenhood,
 And unto me no second friend.

VII

i

DARK house, by which once more I stand
 Here in the long unlovely street,
 Doors, where my heart was used to beat
 So quickly, waiting for a hand,

ii

A hand that can be clasped no more—
 Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
 And like a guilty thing I creep
 At earliest morning to the door.

iii

He is not here ; but far away
 The noise of life begins again,
 And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
 On the bald street breaks the blank day.

VIII

i

A HAPPY lover who has come
 To look on her that loves him well,
 Who 'lights and rings the gateway bell,
 And learns her gone and far from home ;

ii

He saddens, all the magic light
 Dies off at once from bower and hall,
 And all the place is dark, and all
 The chambers emptied of delight :

iii

So find I every pleasant spot
 In which we two were wont to meet,
 The field, the chamber and the street,
 For all is dark where thou art not.

IN MEMORIAM.

iv

Yet as that other, wandering there
In those deserted walks, may find
A flower beat with rain and wind,
Which once she foster'd up with care;

v

So seems it in my deep regret,
O my forsaken heart, with thee
And this poor flower of poetry
Which little cared for fades not yet.

vi

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye,
I go to plant it on his tomb,
That if it can it there may bloom,
Or dying, there at least may die

IX

i

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailed the placid ocean plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

ii

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain; a favourable speed
Rattle thy murror'd mast, and lead
Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn

iii

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, thro' early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

iv

Sphere all your lights around, above ;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow ;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love ;

v

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run ;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

X

i

I HEAR the noise about thy keel ;
I hear the bell struck in the night :
I see the cabin-window bright ;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

i.

Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife,
And travell'd men from foreign lands :
And letters unto trembling hands ;
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

iii

So bring him : we have idle dreams :
This look of quiet flatters thus
Our home-bred fancies : O to us,
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

iv

To rest beneath the clover sod,
That takes the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God ;

v

Than if with thee the roaring wells
 Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine;
 And hands so often clasp'd in mine,
 Should toss with tangle and with shells.

XI

i

Calm is the morn without a sound,
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
 And only thro' the faded leaf
 The chestnut pattering to the ground:

ii

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
 And on these dews that drench the furze,
 And all the silvery gossamers
 That twinkle into green and gold:

iii

Calm and still light on yon great plain
 That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
 And crowded farms and lessening towers,
 To mingle with the bounding main:

iv

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
 These leaves that redden to the fall;
 And in my heart, if calm at all,
 If any calm, a calm despair

v

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
 And waves that away themselves in rest
 And dead calm in that noble breast
 Which heaves but with the heaving deep

XII

i

Lo, as a dove when up she springs
 To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe,
 Some dolorous message knit below
 The wild pulsation of her wings ;

ii

Like her I go ; I cannot stay ;
 I leave this mortal ark behind,
 A weight of nerves without a mind,
 And leave the cliffs, and haste away

iii

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
 And reach the glow of southern skies,
 And see the sails at distance rise,
 And linger weeping on the marge,

iv

And saying ; ' Comes he thus, my friend ?
 Is this the end of all my care ?'
 And circle moaning in the air :
 ' Is this the end ? Is this the end ?

v

And forward dart again, and play
 About the prow, and back return
 To where the body sits, and learn
 That I have been an hour away.

XIII

i

TEARS of the widower, when he sees
 A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
 And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
 Her place is empty, fall like these ;

ii

Which weep a loss for ever new,
 A void where heart on heart reposed -
 And where warm hands have prest and closed,
 Silence, till I be silent too.

iii

Which weep the comrade of my choice,
 An awful thought, a life removed,
 The human-hearted man I loved,
 A Spirit, not a breathing voice.

iv

Come Time, and teach me many years
 I do not suffer in a dream;
 For now so strange do those things seem,
 Mine eyes have leisure for their tears.

v

My fancies learn to rise on wing
 And glance about the approaching strife
 As tho' they brought but momentary bliss,
 And not the burden that they bring.

XIV

i

If one should bring me this report,
 That thou hadst touch'd the land to-day,
 And I went down into the quay,
 And found thee lying at the port;

ii

And standing, stuff'd round with woe,
 Should see thy passengers on deck
 Come stepping lightly down the plank,
 And beckning unto those they love;

iii

And if along with these should come
The man I held as half-divine ;
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
And ask a thousand things of home ;

iv

And I should tell him all my pain,
And how my life had droop'd of late,
And he should sorrow o'er my state
And marvel what possess'd my brain ;

v

And I perceived no touch of change,
No hint of death in all his frame,
But found him all in all the same,
I should not feel it to be strange.

XV

i

To-NIGHT the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day :
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies ;

ii

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea ;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world :

iii

And but for fancies, which aver
That all thy motions gently pass
Athwart a plane of molten glass,
I scarce could brook the strain and stir

iv

That makes the barren branches loud;
And but for fear it is not so,
The wild unrest that lives in woe
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

v

That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a labouring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

XVI

i

What words are these have fall'n from me?
Can calm despair and wild unrest
Be tenants of a single breast,
Or sorrow such a changeling be?

ii

Or doth she only seem to take
The touch of change in calm or storm:
But knows no more of transient form
In her deep self, than some dead lake

iii

That holds the shadow of a lark
Hung in the shadow of a heaven?
Or has the shock, so harshly given,
Confused me like the unhappy bark

iv

That strikes by night a craggy shelf,
And staggers blindly ere she sink?
And stunn'd me from my power to think
And all my knowledge of myself;

v

And made me that delirious man
Whose fancy fuses old and new,
And flashes into false and true,
And mingles all without a plan?

XVII

i

Thou comest, much wept for: such a breeze
Compell'd thy canvas, and my prayer
Was as the whisper of an air
To breathe thee over lonely seas.

ii

For I in spirit saw thee move
Thro' circles of the bounding sky,
Week after week: the days go by:
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

iii

Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home.

iv

So may whatever tempest mars-
Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark;
And balmy drops in summer dark
Slide from the bosom of the stars.

v

So kind an office hath been done,
Such precious relics brought by thee;
The dust of him I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run.

ii

There twice a day the Severn fills ;
 The salt sea-water passes by,
 And hushes half the babbling Wye,
 And makes a silence in the hills.

iii

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
 And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
 When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
 I brim with sorrow drowning song.

iv

The tide flows down, the wave again
 Is vocal in its wooded walls ;
 My deeper anguish also falls,
 And I can speak a little then.

XX

i

THE lesser griefs that may be said,
 That breathe a thousand tender vows,
 Are but as servants in a house
 Where lies the master newly dead ;

ii

Who speak their feeling as it is,
 And weep the fulness from the mind :
 'It will be hard,' they say, 'to find
 Another service such as this.'

iii

My lighter moods are like to these,
 That out of words a comfort win ;
 But there are other griefs within,
 And tears that at their fountain freeze ;

iv

For by the hearth the children sit
Cold in that atmosphere of Death,
And scarce endure to draw the breath,
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit.

v

But open converse is there none,
So much the vital spirits sink
To see the vacant chair, and think,
'How good! how kind! and he is gone.'

XXI

i

I sit to him that rests below,
And, since the graves round me wave,
I take the graves of the grave,
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

ii

The traveller hears me now and then,
And sometimes harshly will he speak:
'This fellow would make weakness weak,
And melt the waxy hearts of men.'

iii

Another answers, 'Let him be,
He loves to make parade of pain
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy.'

iv

A third is wroth: 'Is this an hour
For private sorrow's barren song,
When more and more the people throng
The chairs and thrones of civil power?

v

'A time to sicken and to swoon,
 When Science reaches forth her arms
 To feel from world to world, and charms
 Her secret from the latest moon?'

vi

Behold, ye speak an idle thing :
 Ye never knew the sacred dust :
 I do but sing because I must,
 And pipe but as the linnets sing :

vii

And one is glad ; her note is gay,
 For now her little ones have ranged ;
 And one is sad ; her note is changed,
 Because her brood is stol'n away.

XXII

i

THE path by which we twain did go,
 Which led by traets that pleased us well,
 Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
 From flower to flower, from snow to snow :

ii

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
 And, crown'd with all the season lent,
 From April on to April went,
 And glad at heart from May to May :

iii

But where the path we walk'd began
 To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
 As we descended following Hope,
 There sat the Shadow fear'd of man ;

iv

Who broke our fair companionship,
 And spread his mantle dark and cold,
 And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
 And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

v

And bore thee where I could not see
 Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,
 And think, that somewhere in the waste
 The Shadow sits and waits for me.

XXIII

i

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,
 Or breaking into song by fits,
 Alone, alone, to where he sits,
 The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,

ii

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,
 I wander, often falling lame,
 And looking back to whence I came,
 Or on to where the pathway leads;

iii

And crying, How changed from where it ran
 Thro' lands where not a leaf was dumb;
 But all the lavish hills would hum
 The murmur of a happy Pan:

iv

When each by turns was guide to each,
 And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
 And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
 Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech;

v

And all we met was fair and good,
 And all was good that Time could bring,
 And all the secret of the Spring
 Moved in the chambers of the blood ;

vi

And many an old philosophy
 On Argive heights divinely sang,
 And round us all the thicket rang
 To many a flute of Arcady.

XXIV

i

And was the day of my delight
 As pure and perfect as I say?
 The very source and fount of Day
 Is dash'd with wandering isles of night.

ii

If all was good and fair we met,
 This earth had been the Paradise
 It never look'd to human eyes
 Since our first Sun arose and set.

iii

And is it that the haze of grief
 Makes former gladness loom so great?
 The lowness of the present state.
 That sets the past in this relief?

iv

Or that the past will always win
 A glory from its being far ;
 And orb into the perfect star
 We saw not, when we moved therein?

XXV

i

I know that this was Life,—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared ;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

ii

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air ;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love :

iii

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The luling of a single pain,
And put it, giving half to him.

XXVI

i

Still onward winds the dreary way ;
I with it ; for I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker Love
Whatever fickle tongues may say

ii

And if that eye which watches guilt
And goodness, and hath power to see
Within the green the moulder'd tree,
And towers fall'n as soon as built—

iii

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee
Or see (in *Thou* is no before)
In more of life true life no more
And Love the indifference to be,

iv

Then might I find, ere yet the morn
 Breaks hither over Indian seas,
 That Shadow waiting with the keys,
 To shroud me from my proper scorn.

XXVII

i

I ENVY not in any moods
 The captive void of noble rage,
 The linnet born within the cage,
 That never knew the summer woods:

ii

I envy not the beast that takes
 His license in the field of time,
 Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
 To whom a conscience never wakes;

iii

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
 The heart that never plighted troth
 But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
 Nor any want-begotten rest.

iv

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
 I feel it, when I sorrow most;
 'Tis better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all.

XX

i

ti

ii

Four voices of four hamlets round,
 From far and near, on mead and moor,
 Swell out and fail, as if a door
 Were shut between me and the sound :

iii

Each voice four changes on the wind,
 That now dilate, and now decrease,
 Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
 Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

iv

This year I slept and woke with pain,
 I almost wish'd no more to wake,
 And that my hold on life would break
 Before I heard those bells again :

v

But they my troubled spirit rule,
 For they controll'd me when a boy ;
 They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
 The merry merry bells of Yule

XXIX

i

With such compelling cause to grieve
 As daily vexes household peace,
 And chills regret to his decease,
 How dare we keep our Christmas-eve ;

ii

Which brings no more a welcome guest
 To enrich the threshold of the night
 With shower'd largess of delight
 In dance and song and game and jest !

iii

Yet go, and while the holly boughs
 Entwine the cold baptismal font,
 Make one wreath more for Use and Wont,
 That guard the portals of the house;

iv

Old sisters of a day gone by,
 Gray nurses, loving nothing new;
 Why should they miss their yearly due
 Before their time? They too will die.

XXX

i

With trembling fingers did we weave
 The holly round the Christmas hearth;
 A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
 And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

ii

At our old pastimes in the hall
 We gambol'd, making vain pretence
 Of gladness, with an awful sense
 Of one mute Shadow watching all.

iii

We paused: the winds were in the beech;
 We heard them sweep the winter land;
 And in a circle hand-in-hand
 Sat silent, looking each at each.

iv

Then echo-like our voices rang;
 We sung, tho' every eye was dim.
 A merry song we sang with him
 Last year: impetuously we sang:

v

We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
 Upon us: surely rest is meet:
 'They rest,' we said, 'their sleep is sweet;
 And silence follow'd, and we wept.

vi

Our voices took a higher range;
 'Once more we sang.' 'They do not die
 Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
 Nor change to us, although they change;

vii

'Rapt from the fickle and the frail
 With gather'd power, yet the same,
 Pierces the keen æræphic flame
 From orb to orb, from veil to veil'

viii

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
 Draw forth the cheerful day from night.
 O Father, touch the east, and light
 The light that shone when Hope was born.

XXXI

1

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
 And home to Mary's house return'd,
 Was this demanded—if he yearn'd
 To hear her weeping by his grave?

ii

'Where wert thou, brother, those four days?'
 There lives no record of reply,
 Which telling what it is to die
 Had surely added praise to praise.

iii

What then were God to such as I? ' ' '
 'Twere hardly worth my while to choo
 Of things all mortal, or to use
 A little patience ere I die;

iv

'Twere best at once to sink to peace, ' '
 Like birds the charming serpent draws,
 To drop head-foremost in the jaws
 Of vacant darkness and to cease.

XXXV

i

Yet if some voice that man could trust
 Should murmur from the narrow house,
 'The checks drop in: the body bows:
 Man dies: nor is there hope in dust:'

ii

Might I not say? 'Yet even here, ' '
 But for one hour, O Love, I strive
 To keep so sweet a thing alive;'
 But I should turn mine ears and hear

iii

The moanings of the homeless sea, ' '
 The sound of streams that swift or sl
 Draw down Æonian hills; and sow
 The dust of continents to be;

iv

And Love would answer with a sigh,
 'The sound of that forgetful shore '
 Will change my sweetness more and
 Half-dead to know that I shall die.'

v

O me, what profits it to put
 An idle case? If Death were seen
 At first ~~as~~ Death, Love had not been,
 Or been in narrowest working shut,

vi

Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,
 Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape
 Had bruised the herb and crush'd the grape,
 And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.

XXXVI

Two' truths in manhood darkly join,
 Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
 We yield all blessing to the name
 Of Him that made them current coin;

ii

For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
 Where truth in closest words shall fail,
 When truth embodied in a tale
 Shall enter in at lowly doors.

-in

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
 With human hands the creed of creeds
 In loveliness of perfect deeds,
 More strong than all poetic thought,

iv

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
 Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
 And those wild eyes that watch the wave
 In roarings round the coral reef.

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 In roarings round the coral reef.

XXXVII

i
URANIA speaks with darken'd brow :

'Thou pratest here where thou art least ;
This faith has many a purer priest,
And many an abler voice than thou.

ii
'Go down beside thy native rill,
On thy Parnassus set thy feet,
And hear thy laurel whisper sweet
About the ledges of the hill.'

iii
And my Melpomene replies,
A touch of shame upon her cheek :
'I am not worthy ev'n to speak
Of thy prevailing mysteries ;

iv
'For I am but an earthly Muse,
And owning but a little art
To lull with song an aching heart,
And render human love his dues ;

v
'But brooding on the dear one dead,
And all he said of things divine,
(And dear to me as sacred wine
To dying lips is all he said),

vi
'I murmur'd, as I came along,
Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd ;
And loiter'd in the master's field,
And darken'd sanctities with song.'

XXXVIII

i

With weary steps I loiter on,
 Tho' always under alter'd skies
 The purple from the distance dies,
 My prospect and horizon gone.

ii

No joy the blowing season gives,
 The herald melodies of spring,
 But in the songs I love to sing
 A doubtful gleam of solace lives

iii

If any care for what is here
 Survive in spirits render'd free,
 Then are these songs I sing of thee
 Not all ungrateful to thine ear

XXXIX

i

Old warder of these buried bones,
 And answering now my random stroke
 With fruitful cloud and living smoke,
 Dark yew, that graspest at the stones

ii

And dippest toward the dreamless head,
 To thee too comes the golden hour
 When flower is feeling after flower;
 But Sorrow—fixt upon the dead,

iii

And darkening the dark graves of men,—
 What whisper'd from her lying lips?
 Thy gloom is kindled at the tips,
 And passes into gloom again.

XL

i

COULD we forget the widow'd hour
And look on Spirits breathed away,
As on a maiden in the day
When first she wears her orange-flower !

ii

When crown'd with blessing she doth rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes ;

iii

And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother's face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love ;

iv

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each ;

v

And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In those great offices that suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

vi

Ay me, the difference I discern !
How often shall her old fireside
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,
How often she herself return,

vii

And tell them all they would have told,
 And bring her back, and make her boast,
 Till even those that miss'd her most
 Shall count new things as dear as old

viii

But thou and I have shaken hands,
 Till growing winters lay me low;
 My paths are in the fields I know,
 And thine in undiscover'd lands

XLI

i

Thy spirit ere our fatal loss
 Did ever rise from high to higher;
 As mounts the heavenward altar-fire,
 As flies the lighter thro' the gross.

ii

But thou art turn'd to something strange,
 And I have lost the links that bound
 Thy changes; here upon the ground,
 No more partaker of thy change.

iii

Deep folly! yet that this could be—
 That I could wing my will with might
 To leap the grades of life and light,
 And flash at once, my friend, to thee.

iv

For tho' my nature rarely yields
 To that vague fear implied in death;
 Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,
 The howlings from forgotten fields

v

Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor
 An inner trouble I behold,
 A spectral doubt which makes me cold,
 That I shall be thy mate no more,

vi

Tho' following with an upward mind
 The wonders that have come to thee,
 Thro' all the secular to-be,
 But evermore a life behind.

XLII

i

I VEX my heart with fancies dim :
 He still outstript me in the race ;
 It was but unity of place
 That made me dream I rank'd with him.

ii

And so may Place retain us still,
 And he the much-beloved again,
 A lord of large experience, train
 To riper growth the mind and will :

iii

And what delights can equal those
 That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
 When one that loves but knows not, reaps
 A truth from one that loves and knows?

XLIII

i

If Sleep and Death be truly one,
 And every spirit's folded bloom
 Thro' all its intervital gloom
 In some long trance should slumber on ;

ii

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
 Bare of the body, might it last,
 And silent traces of the past
 Be all the colour of the flower:

iii

So then were nothing lost to man;
 So that still garden of the souls
 In many a figured leaf enrolls
 The total world since life began;

iv

And love will last as pure and whole
 As when he loved me here in Time,
 And at the spiritual prime
 Awaken with the dawning soul.

XLIV

i

How fares it with the happy dead?
 For here the man is more and more;
 But he forgets the days before
 God shut the doorways of his head

ii

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,
 And yet perhaps the hoarding sense
 Gives out at times (he knows not whence)
 A little flash, a mystic hint,

iii

And in the long harmonious years
 (If Death so taste Lethean springs),
 May some dim touch of earthly things
 Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

iv

If such a dreamy touch should fall,
 O turn thee round, resolve the doubt;
 My guardian angel will speak out
 In that high place, and tell thee all.

XLV

i

THE baby new to earth and sky,
 What time his tender palm is prest
 Against the circle of the breast,
 Has never thought that 'this is I:'

ii

But as he grows he gathers much,
 And learns the use of 'I,' and 'me,'
 And finds 'I am not what I see,
 And other than the things I touch.'

iii

So rounds he to a separate mind
 From whence clear memory may begin,
 As thro' the frame that binds him in
 His isolation grows defined.

iv

This use may lie in blood and breath,
 Which else were fruitless of their due,
 Had man to learn himself anew
 Beyond the second birth of Death.

XLVI

i

WE ranging down this lower track,
 The path we came by, thorn and flower,
 Is shadow'd by the growing hour,
 Lest life should fail in looking back.

ii

So be it: there no shade can last
 In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
 But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
 The eternal landscape of the past;

iii

A lifelong tract of time reveal'd;
 The fruitful hours of still increase,
 Days order'd in a wealthy peace,
 And those five years its richest field

iv

O Love, thy province were not large,
 A bounded field, nor stretching far;
 Look also, Love, a brooding star,
 A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

XLVII.

i

THAT each, who seems a separate whole,
 Should move his rounds, and fusing all
 The skirts of self again, should fall
 Remerging in the general Soul,

ii

Is faith as vague as all unsweet
 Eternal form shall still divide
 The eternal soul from all beside,
 And I shall know him when we meet

iii

And we shall sit at endless feast,
 Enjoying each the other's good
 What vaster dream can hit the mood
 Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

IN MEMORIAM.

iv

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
'Farewell! We lose ourselves in light.'

XLVIII

i

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then these were such as men might scorn:

ii

Her care is not to part and prove;
She takes, when harsher moods remit,
What slender shade of doubt may flit,
And makes it vassal unto love:

iii

And hence, indeed, she sports with words,
But better serves a wholesome law,
And holds it sin and shame to draw
The deepest measure from the chords:

iv

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
But rather loosens from the lip
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.

XLIX

i

From art, from nature, from the schools,
Let random influences glance,
Like light in many a shiver'd lance
That breaks about the dappled pools:

ii

The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,
 The fancy's tenderest eddy wreath,
 The slightest air of song shall breathe
 To make the sullen surface crisp.

iii

And look thy look, and go thy way,
 But blame not thou the winds that make
 The seeming-wanton ripple break,
 The tender-pencil'd shadow play.

iv

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears
 Ay me, the sorrow deepens down,
 Whose muffled motions blindly drown
 The bases of my life in tears.

L

i

Be near me when my light is low,
 When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
 And tingle; and the heart is sick,
 And all the wheels of Being slow

ii

Be near me when the sensuous frame
 Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;
 And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
 And Life, a Fury slinging flame

iii

Be near me when my faith is dry,
 And men the flies of latter spring,
 That lay their eggs, and sting and sing
 And weave their petty cells and die.

iv

Be near me when I fade away,
 To point the term of human strife,
 And on the low dark verge of life
 The twilight of eternal day.

LI

i

Do we indeed desire the dead
 Should still be near us at our side?
 Is there no baseness we would hide?
 No inner vileness that we dread?

ii

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
 I had such reverence for his blame,
 See with clear eye some hidden shame
 And I be lessen'd in his love?

iii

I wrong the grave with fears untrue:
 Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
 There must be wisdom with great Death:
 The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

iv

Be near us when we climb or fall:
 Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
 With larger other eyes than ours,
 To make allowance for us all.

LII

i

I cannot love thee as I ought,
 For love reflects the thing beloved;
 My words are only words, and moved
 Upon the topmost froth of thought.

ii

'Yet blame not thou thy plaintive song,'
The Spirit of true love replied;
'Thou canst not move me from thy side,
Nor human frailty do me wrong

iii

'What keeps a spirit wholly true . . .
To that ideal which he bears?
What record? not the sinless years
That breathed beneath the Syrian blue;

iv

'So fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dash'd with flecks of sin.
Abide: thy wealth is gather'd in,
When Time hath sunder'd shell from pearl'

LIII

I . . .

How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and green:

ii

And dare we to this fancy give,
That had the wild oat not been sown,
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live!

iii

Or, if we held the doctrine sound
For life outliving heats of youth,
Yet who would preach it as a truth
To those that eddy round and round?

iv

Hold thou the good : define it well :
 For fear divine Philosophy
 Should push beyond her mark, and be
 Procureess to the Lords of Hell.

LIV

i

On yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

ii

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
 That not one life shall be destroy'd,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete ;

iii

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.

iv

Behold, we know not anything ;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.

v

So runs my dream : but what am I ?
 An infant crying in the night :
 An infant crying for the light :
 And with no language but a cry.

LV

The wish, that of the living whole
 No life may fail beyond the grave,
 Derives it not from what we have
 The likeliest God within the soul?

ii

Are God and Nature then at strife,
 That Nature lends such evil dreams?
 So careful of the type she seems,
 So careless of the single life;

iii

That I, considering everywhere
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,
 And finding that of fifty seeds
 She often brings but one to bear,

iv

I falter where I firmly trod,
 And falling with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs
 That slope thro' darkness up to God,

v

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

LVI

'So careful of the type?' but no
 From scarped cliff and quarried stone
 She cries, 'A thousand types are gone.'
 I care for nothing, all shall go.

ii

'Thou makest thine appeal to me :
 I bring to life, I bring to death :
 'The spirit does but mean the breath :
 I know no more.' And he, shall he,

iii

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
 'Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
 Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
 Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

iv

Who trusted God was love indeed
 - And love Creation's final law—
 Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
 With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

v

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
 Who battled for the 'True, the Just,
 Be blown about the desert dust,
 Or seal'd within the iron hills?

vi

No more? A monster then, a dream,
 A discord. Dragons of the prime,
 That tare each other in their slime,
 Were mellow music match'd with him.

vii

O life as futile, then, as frail !
 O for thy voice to soothe and bless !
 What hope of answer, or redress ?
 Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LVII

i

Peace; come away · the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song ·
Peace; come away: we do him wrong
To sing so wildly, let us go.

ii

Come; let us go: your cheeks are pale;
But half my life I leave behind
Methinks my friend is richly shrouded;
But I shall pass; my work will fail

iii

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes.

iv

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
Eternal greetings to the dead;
And 'Ave, Ave, Ave,' said,
'Adieu, adieu' for evermore

LVIII

i

In those sad words I took farewell.
Like echoes in sepulchral halls,
As drop by drop the water falls
In vaults and catacombs, they fell,

ii

And, falling, idly broke the peace
Of hearts that beat from day to day
Half-conscious of their dying clay,
And those cold crypts where they shall cease.

iii

The high Muse answer'd: 'Wherefore grieve
 Thy brethren with a fruitless tear?
 Abide a little longer here,
 And thou shalt take a nobler leave.'

LIX

i

O SORROW, wilt thou live with me
 No casual mistress, but a wife,
 My bosom-friend and half of life;
 As I confess it needs must be;

ii

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,
 Be sometimes lovely like a bride,
 And put thy harsher moods aside,
 If thou wilt have me wise and good.

iii

My centred passion cannot move,
 Nor will it lessen from to-day;
 But I'll have leave at times to play
 As with the creature of my love;

iv

And set thee forth, for thou art mine,
 With so much hope for years to come,
 That, howsoe'er I know thee, some
 Could hardly tell what name were thine.

LX

i

HE past; a soul of nobler tone:
 My spirit loved and loves him yet,
 Like some poor girl whose heart is set
 On one whose rank exceeds her own.

ii

He mixing with his proper sphere,
She finds the baseness of her lot,
 Half jealous of she knows not what,
 And envying all that meet him there.

iii

The little village looks forlorn ;
 She sighs amid her narrow days,
 Moving about the household ways,
 In that dark house where she was born.

iv

The foolish neighbours come and go,
 And tease her till the day draws by :
 At night she weeps, 'How vain am I !
 How should he love a thing so low ?'

LXI

i

Ir, in thy second state sublime,
 Thy ransom'd reason change replies
 With all the circle of the wise,
 The perfect flower of human time ;

ii

And if thou cast thine eyes below,
 How dimly character'd and slight,
 How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,
 How blanch'd with darkness must I grow !

iii

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,
 Where thy first form was made a man,
 I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can
 The soul of Shakspeare love thee more.

LXII

i

Tho' if an eye that's downward cast
 Could make thee somewhat blench or fail,
 Then be my love an idle tale,
 And fading legend of the past ;

ii

And thou, as one that once declined, :
 When he was little more than boy,
 On some unworthy heart with joy,
 But lives to wed an equal mind ;

iii

And breathes a novel world, the while
 His other passion wholly dies,
 Or in the light of deeper eyes
 Is matter for a flying smile.

LXIII

i

Yet pity for a horse o'er-driven,
 And love in which my hound has part,
 Can hang no weight upon my heart
 In its assumptions up to heaven ;

ii

And I am so much more than these,
 As thou, perchance, art more than I,
 And yet I spare them sympathy,
 And I would set their pains at ease.

iii

So mayst thou watch me where I weep,
 As, unto vaster motions bound,
 The circuits of thine orbit round
 A higher height, a deeper deep.

LXIV

i

Dost thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green ;

ii

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star ;

iii

Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne ;

iv

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire ;

v

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

vi

The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs
He play'd at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate ;

vii

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
 And reaps the labour of his hands,
 Or in the furrow musing stands;
 'Does my old friend remember me?'

LXV

i

SWEET soul, do with me as thou wilt;
 I lull a fancy trouble-tost
 With 'Love's too precious to be lost,
 A little grain shall not be spilt.'

ii

And in that solace can I sing,
 Till out of painful phases wrought
 There flutters up a happy thought,
 Self-balanced on a lightsome wing:

iii

Since we deserved the name of friends,
 And thine effect so lives in me,
 A part of mine may live in thee
 And move thee on to noble ends.

LXVI

i

You thought my heart too far diseased;
 You wonder when my fancies play
 To find me gay among the gay,
 Like one with any trifle pleased.

ii

The shade by which my life was erost,
 Which makes a desert in the mind,
 Has made me kindly with my kind.
 And like to him whose sight is lost;

iii

Whose feet are guided thro' the land,
Whose jest among his friends is free,
Who takes the children on his knee,
And winds their curls about his hand.

iv

He plays with threads, he beats his chair
For pastime, dreaming of the sky ;
His inner day can never die,
His night of loss is always there.

LXVII

i

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls ;

ii

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

iii

The mystic glory swims away ;
From off my bed the moonlight dies ;
And closing eyes of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray

iv

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

LXVIII

i

WHEN in the down I sink my head;
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath;
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not Death;
Nor can I dream of thee as dead:

ii

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,
When all our path was fresh with dew,
And all the bugle breezes blew
Reveillée to the breaking morn.

iii

But what is this? I turn about,
I find a trouble in thine eye,
Which makes me sad I know not why,
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt:

iv

But ere the lark hath left the lea
I wake, and I discern the truth;
It is the trouble of my youth
That foolish sleep transfers to thee.

LXIX

i

I DREAM'D there would be Spring no more,
That Nature's ancient power was lost:
The streets were black with smoke and fro
They chatter'd trifles at the door:

ii

I wander'd from the noisy town,
I found a wood with thorny boughs:
I took the thorns to bind my brows,
I wore them like a civic crown:

IN MEMORIAM

iii

I met with scoffs, I met with scorn
From youth and lute and hoary hairs :
They call'd me in the public squares
The fool that wears a crown of thorns :

iv

They call'd me fool, they call'd me child :
I found an angel of the night ;
The voice was low, the look was bright ;
He look'd upon my crown and smiled :

v

He reach'd the glory of a hand,
That seem'd to touch it into leaf :
The voice was not the voice of grief,
The words were hard to understand.

LXX

i

I cannot see the features right,
When on the gloom I strive to paint
The face I know ; the hues are faint
And mix with hollow masks of night ;

ii

Cloud towers by ghostly masons wrought,
A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,
A hand that points, and palled shapes
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought ;

iii

And crowds that stream from yawning doors,
And shoals of pock'd faces drive ;
Dark hulks that tumble half alive,
And lazy lengths on boundless shores ;

iv

Till all at once beyond the will
 I hear a wizard music roll,
 And thro' a lattice on the soul
 Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

LXXI

i

SLEEP, kinsman thou to death and trance
 And madness, thou hast forged at last
 A night-long Present of the Past
 In which we went thro' summer France.

ii

Hadst thou such credit with the soul?
 Then bring an opiate trebly strong,
 Drug down the blindfold sense of wrong
 That so my pleasure may be whole;

iii

While now we talk as once we talk'd
 Of men and minds, the dust of change,
 The days that grow to something strange,
 In walking as of old we walk'd

iv

Beside the river's wooded reach,
 The fortress, and the mountain ridge,
 The cataract flashing from the bridge,
 The breaker breaking on the beach.

LXXII

i

RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,
 And howl'ng out of night,
 With blow the pearly white,
 And lash e?

ii

Day, when my crown'd estate begun
 To pine in that reverse of doom,
 Which sicken'd every living bloom,
 And blurr'd the splendour of the sun;

iii

Who usherest in the dolorous hour
 With thy quick tears that make the rose
 Pull sideways, and the daisy close
 Her crimson fringes to the shower;

iv

Who might'st have heaved a windless flame
 Up the deep East, or, whispering, play'd
 A chequer-work of beam and shade
 Along the hills, yet look'd the same.

v

As wan, as chill, as wild as now,
 Day, mark'd as with some hideous crime,
 When the dark hand struck down thro' time,
 And cancell'd nature's best but thou,

vi

Lift as thou may'st thy burthen'd brow
 Thro' clouds that drench the morning star,
 And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,
 And sow the sky with flying boughs,

vii

And up thy vault with roaring sound
 Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day,
 Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,
 And hide thy shame beneath the ground

LXXIII

i

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

ii

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,
The head hath miss'd an earthly wreath:
I curse not nature, no, nor death;
For nothing is that errs from law.

iii

We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

iv

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

LXXIV

i

As sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and more,
A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out—to some one of his race:

ii

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

iii

But there is more than I can see,
 And what I see I leave unsaid,
 Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
 darkness beautiful with thee.

LXXV

i

I LEAVE thy praises unexpress'd
 In verse that brings myself relief,
 And by the measure of my grief
 I leave thy greatness to be guess'd;

ii

What practice howsoever expert
 In fitting aptest words to things,
 Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
 Hath power to give thee as thou wert?

iii

I care not in these fading days
 To raise a cry that lasts not long,
 And round thee with the breeze of song
 To stir a little dust of praise.

iv

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
 And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
 The world which credits what is done
 Is cold to all that might have been.

v

So here shall silence guard thy fame;
 But somewhere, out of human view,
 Whate'er thy hands are set to do
 Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

LXXVI

i

TAKE wings of fancy, and ascend,
 And in a moment set thy face
 Where all the starry heavens of space
 Are sharpen'd to a needle's end ;

ii

Take wings of foresight ; lighten thro'
 The secular abyss to come,
 And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb
 Before the mouldering of a yew ;

iii

And if the matin songs, that woke
 The darkness of our planet, last,
 Thine own shall wither in the vast,
 Ere half the lifetime of an oak.

iv

Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers
 With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain ;
 And what are they when these remain
 The ruin'd shells of hollow towers ?

LXXVII

i

WHAT hope is here for modern rhyme
 To him, who turns a musing eye
 On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie
 Foreshorten'd in the tract of time ?

ii

These mortal lullabies of pain
 May bind a book, may line a box,
 May serve to curl a maiden's locks ;
 Or when a thousand moons shall wane

iii

A man upon a stall may find,
 And, passing, turn the page that tells
 A grief, then changed to something else,
 Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

iv

But what of that? My darken'd ways
 Shall ring with music all the same;
 To breathe my loss is more than fame,
 To utter love more sweet than praise.

LXXVIII

i

Again at Christmas did we weave
 The holly round the Christmas hearth;
 The silent snow possess'd the earth,
 And calmly fell our Christmas-eve:

ii

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,
 No wing of wind the region swept,
 But over all things brooding slept
 The quiet sense of something lost.

iii

As in the winters left behind,
 Again our ancient games had place,
 The mimic picture's breathing grace,
 And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

iv

Who show'd a token of distress?
 No single tear, no mark of pain
 O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
 O grief, can grief be changed to less?

v

O last regret, regret can die!
 No—mixt with all this mystic frame,
 Her deep relations are the same,
 But with long use her tears are dry.

LXXIX

i

'MORE than my brothers are to me,'—
 Let this not vex thee, noble heart!
 I know thee of what force thou art
 To hold the costliest love in fee.

ii

But thou and I are one in kind,
 As moulded like in Nature's mint;
 And hill and wood and field did print
 The same sweet forms in either mind.

iii

For us the same cold streamlet curl'd
 Thro' all his eddying coves; the same
 All winds that roam the twilight came
 In whispers of the beauteous world.

iv

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,
 One lesson from one book we learn'd,
 Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd
 To black and brown on kindred brows.

v

And so my wealth resembles thine,
 But he was rich where I was poor,
 And he supplied my want the more
 As his unlikeness fitted mine.

LXXX

i

If any vague desire should rise,
 That holy Death ere Arthur died
 Had moved me kindly from his side,
 And dropt the dust on tearless eyes;

ii

Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,
 The grief my loss in him had wrought,
 A grief as deep as life or thought,
 But stay'd in peace with God and man.

iii

I make a picture in the brain,
 I hear the sentence that he speaks;
 He bears the burthen of the weeks
 But turns his burthen into gain.

iv.

His credit thus shall set me free;
 And, influence-rich to soothe and save,
 Unused example from the grave
 Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

LXXXI

i

COULD I have said while he was here,
 'My love shall now no further range;
 There cannot come a mellowed change,
 For now is love mature in ear'

ii

Love, then, had hope of richer store.
 What end is here to my complaint?
 This haunting whisper makes me faint,
 'More years had made me love thee more.'

v

O last regret, regret can die!
 No—mixt with all this mystic frame,
 Her deep relations are the same,
 But with long use her tears are dry.

LXXIX

i

'MORE than my brothers are to me,'—
 Let this not vex thee, noble heart!
 I know thee of what force thou art
 To hold the costliest love in fee.

ii

But thou and I are one in kind,
 As moulded like in Nature's mint;
 And hill and wood and field did print
 The same sweet forms in either mind.

iii

For us the same cold streamlet curl'd
 Thro' all his eddying coves; the same
 All winds that roam the twilight came
 In whispers of the beauteous world.

iv

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,
 One lesson from one book we learn'd,
 Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd
 To black and brown on kindred brows.

v

And so my wealth resembles thine,
 But he was rich where I was poor,
 And he supplied my want the more
 As his unlikeness fitted mine.

LXXX

i

If any vague desire should rise,
 That holy Death ere Arthur died
 Had moved me kindly from his side,
 And dropt the dust on fearless eyes;

ii

Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,
 The grief my loss in him had wrought,
 A grief as deep as life or thought,
 But stay'd in peace with God and man.

iii

I make a picture in the brain;
 I hear the sentence that he speaks;
 He bears the burthen of the weeks
 But turns his burthen into gain

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 What end is here to my complaint?
 This haunting whisper makes me faint,
 'More years had made me love thee more.'

iii

But Death returns an answer sweet :

‘My sudden frost was sudden gain,
And gave all ripeness to the grain,
It might have drawn from after-heat.’

LXXXII

i

I WAGE not any feud with Death

For changes wrought on form and face ;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him, can fright my faith.

ii

Eternal process moving on,

From state to state the spirit walks ;
And these are but the shatter'd stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

iii

Nor blame I Death because he bare

The use of virtue out of earth :
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

iv

For this alone on Death I wreak

The wrath that garners in my heart ;
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.

LXXXIII

i

Dir down upon the northern shore.

O sweet new-year delaying long ;
Thou doest expectant nature wrong ;
Delaying long, delay no more.

ii

What stays thee from the clouded no-ns,
 Thy sweetness from its proper place?
 Can trouble live with April days,
 Or sadness in the summer moons? !

iii

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
 The little speedwell's darling blue,
 Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
 Laburnums, dropping wells of fire.

iv

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
 Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
 That longs to burst a frozen bud
 And flood a fresher throat with song.

LXXXIV

i

W^{HERE} I contemplate all alone
 The life that had been thine below,
 And fix my thoughts on all the glow
 To which thy crescent would have grown;

ii

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,
 A central warmth diffusing bliss
 In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,
 On all the branches of thy blood;

iii

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine:
 For now the day was drawing on,
 When thou should'st link thy life with one
 Of mine own house, and boys of thine

iv

Had babbled 'Uncle' on my knee ;
But that remorseless iron hour
Made cypress of her orange flower,
Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.

v

I seem to meet their least desire,
To clap their cheeks, to call them mine.
I see their unborn faces shine
Beside the never-lighted fire.

vi

I see myself an honour'd guest,
Thy partner in the flowery walk
Of letters, genial table-talk,
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest ;

vii

While now thy prosperous labour fills
The lips of men with honest praise,
And sun by sun the happy days
Descend below the golden hills

viii

With promise of a morn as fair ;
And all the train of bounteous hours
Conduct by paths of growing powers,
To reverence and the silver hair ;

ix

Till slowly worn her earthly robe,
Her lavish mission richly wrought,
Leaving great legacies of thought,
Thy spirit should fail from off the globe ;

x

What time mine own might also flee,
As link'd with thine in love and fate,
And, hovering o'er the dolorous strait
To the other shore, involved in thee,

xi

Arrive at last the blessed goal,
 And He that died in Holy Land
 Would reach us out the shining hand,
 And take us as a single soul.

xii

What reed was that on which I leant?
 Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake
 The old bitterness again, and break
 The low beginnings of content.

LXXXV

i

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
 I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all—

ii

O true in word, and tried in deed,
 Demanding, so to bring relief
 To this which is our common grief,
What kind of life is that I lead;

iii

And whether trust in things above
 Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd;
 And whether love for him have drain'd
 My capabilities of love;

iv

Your words have virtue such as draws
 A faithful answer from the breast,
 Thro' light reproaches, half express,
 And loyal unto kindly laws.

v

My blood an even tenor kept,
 Till on mine ear this message falls,
 That in Vienna's fatal walls
 God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

vi

The great Inteligences fair
 That range above our mortal state,
 In circle round the blessed gate,
 Received and gave him welcome there;

vii

And led him thro' the blissful climes,
 And show'd him in the fountain fresh
 All knowledge that the sons of flesh
 Shall gather in the cycled times.

viii

But I remain'd, whose hopes were din,
 Whose life, whose thoughts were little wortl
 To wander on a darken'd earth,
 Where all things round me breathed of him.

ix

O friendship, equal-poised control,
 O heart, with kindest motion warm,
 O sacred essence, other form,
 O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!

x

Yet none could better know than I,
 How much of act at human hands
 The sense of human will demands
 By which we dare to live or die.

xi

Whatever way my days decline,
 I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
 His being working in mine own,
 The footsteps of his life in mine;

xii

A life that all the Muses deck'd
 With gifts of grace, that might express
 All-comprehensive tenderness,
 All-sustaining intellect;

xiii

And so my passion hath not swerved
 To works of weakness, but I find
 An image comforting the mind,
 And in my grief a strength reserved.

xiv

Likewise the imaginative woe,
 That loved to handle spiritual strife,
 Diffused the shock thro' all my life,
 But in the present broke the blow.

xv

My pulses therefore beat again
 For other friends that once I met;
 Nor can it suit me to forget
 The mighty hopes that make us men.

xvi

I woo your love: I count it crime
 To mourn for any overmuch;
 I, the divided half of such
 A friendship as had master'd Time;

xvii

Which masters Time indeed, and is
 Eternal, separate from fears
 The all-assuming months and years
 Can take no part away from this

xviii

But Summer on the steaming floods,
 And Spring that swells the narrow brook
 And Autumn, with a noise of rooks
 That gather in the waning woods,

xix

And every pulse of wind and wave
 Recalls, in change of light or gloom,
 My old affection of the tomb,
 And my prime passion in the grave:

xx

My old affection of the tomb;
 A part of stillness, yearns to speak:
 'Arise, and get thee forth and seek
 A friendship for the years to come.

xxi

'I watch thee from the quiet shore;
 Thy spirit up to mine can reach;
 But in dear words of human speech
 We two communicate no more.'

xxii

And I, 'Can clouds of nature stain
 The starry clearness of the free?
 How is it? Canst thou feel for me
 Some painless sympathy with pain?'

xxiii

And lightly does the whisper fall;
 'Tis hard for thee to fathom this;
 I triumph in conclusive bliss,
 And that serene result of all.'

xxiv

So hold I commerce with the dead;
 Or so methinks the dead would say;
 Or so shall grief with symbols play
 And pining life be fancy-fed.

xxv

Now looking to some settled end,
 That these things pass, and I shall prove
 A meeting somewhere, love with love,
 I crave your pardon, O my friend;

IN MEMORIAM.

xxvi

If not so fresh, with love as true,
I, clasping brother-hands, aver
I could not, if I would, transfer
The whole I felt for him to you.

xxvii

For which be they that hold apart
The promise of the golden hours?
First love, first friendship, equal powers
That marry with the virgin heart.

xxviii

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,
That beats within a lonely place,
That yet remembers his embrace,
But at his footstep leaps no more,

xxix

My heart, tho' widowed, may not rest
Quite in the love of what is gone,
But seeks to beat in time with one
That warms another living breast.

xxx

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,
Knowing the primrose yet is dead,
The primrose of the later year,
As not unlike to that of Spring

LXXXVI

1

SWEET after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

ii

The round of space, and rapt below
 Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
 And shadowing down the horned flood
 In ripples, fan my brows and blow

iii

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
 The full new life that feeds thy breath
 Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,
 Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

iv

From belt to belt of crimson seas
 On leagues of odour streaming far,
 To where in yonder orient star
 A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.'

LXXXVII

i

I past beside the reverend walls
 In which of old I wore the gown;
 I roved at random thro' the town,
 And saw the tumult of the halls;

ii

And heard once more in college fanes
 The storm their high-built organs make,
 And thunder-music, rolling, shake
 The prophet blazon'd on the panes;

iii

And caught once more the distant shout,
 The measured pulse of racing oars
 Among the willows; paced the shores
 And many a bridge, and all about

iv

The same gray slats again, and felt
 The same, but not the same; and last
 Up that long walk of limes I past
 To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

v

Another name was on the door:
 I linger'd; all within was noise
 Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
 That crash'd the glass and bent the floor;

vi

Where once we held debate, a band
 Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
 And labour, and the changing mart,
 And all the framework of the land;

vii

When one would aim an arrow fair,
 But send it slackly from the string;
 And one would pierce an outer ring
 And one an inner, here and there;

viii

And last the master-bowman, he,
 Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
 We lent him Who, but hung to hear
 The rapt oration flowing free

ix

From point to point, with power and grace
 And music in the bounds of law,
 To those conclusions when we saw
 The God within him light his face,

x

And seem to lift the form, and glow
 In azure orbata heavenly-wise;
 And over those ethereal eyes
 The bar of Michael Angelo.

LXXXVIII.

i

WILD bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
 Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,
 O tell me where the senses mix,
 O tell me where the passions meet,

ii

Whence radiate : fierce extremes employ
 Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
 And in the midmost heart of grief
 Thy passion clasps a secret joy :

iii

And I—my harp would prelude woe—
 I cannot all command the strings ;
 'The glory of the sum of things
 Will flash along the chords and go.

LXXXIX

i

WITCH-ELMS that counterchange the floor
 Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright ;
 And thou, with all thy breadth and height
 Of foliage, towering sycamore ;

ii

How often, hither wandering down,
 My Arthur found your shadows fair,
 And shook to all the liberal air
 The dust and din and steam of town :

iii

He brought an eye for all he saw ;
 He mixt in all our simple sports ;
 They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts
 And dusty purlieus of the law.

iv

O joy to him in this retreat
 Immantled in ambrosial dark,
 To drink the cooler air, and mark
 The landscape winking thro' the heat :

v

O sound to rout the brood of cares,
 The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
 The gust that round the garden flew,
 And tumbled half the mellowing pears !

vi

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
 About him, heart and ear were fed
 To hear him, as he lay and read
 The Tuscan poets on the lawn

vii

Or in the all-golden afternoon
 A guest, or happy sister, sung,
 Or here she brought the harp and sung
 A ballad to the brightening moon

viii

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,
 Beyond the bounding hill to stray,
 And break the livelong summer day
 With banquet in the distant woods ;

ix

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
 Discuss'd the looks to love or hate,
 Or touch'd the changes of the state,
 Or threaded some Socratic dream ;

x

But if I praised the busy town,
 He loved to rail against it still,
 For 'ground in yonder social mill
 F. We rub each other's angles down,

xi

'And merge' he said 'in form and gloss
 The picturesque of man and man.'
 We talk'd : the stream beneath us ran,
 The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,

xii

Or cool'd within the glooming wave ;
 And last, returning from afar,
 Before the crimson-circled star
 Had fall'n into her father's grave,

xiii

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,
 We heard behind the woodbine veil
 The milk that bubbled in the pail,
 And buzzings of the honied hours.

XC

i

He tasted love with half his mind,
 Nor ever drank the inviolate spring
 Where nighest heaven, who first could fling
 This bitter seed among mankind ;

ii

That could the dead, whose dying eyes
 Were closed with wail, resume their life,
 They would but find in child and wife
 An iron welcome when they rise :

iii

'Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine,
 To pledge them with a kindly tear,
 To talk them o'er, to wish them here,
 To count their memories half divine ;

iv

But if they came who past away,
Behold their brides in other hands;
The hard heir strides about their lands,
And will not yield them for a day.

v

Yea, tho' their sons were none of these,
Not less the yet-loved sire would make
Confusion worse than death, and shake
The pillars of domestic peace.

vi

Ah dear, but come thou back to me
Whatever change the years have wrought,
I find not yet one lonely thought
That cries against my wish for thee.

XCI

i

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush;
Or underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March,

ii

Come, wear the form by which I know
Thy spirit in time among thy peers;
The hope of unaccomplish'd years
Be large and lucid round thy brow.

iii

When summer's hourly-mellowing change
May breathe, with many roses sweet,
Upon the thousand waves of wheat,
That ripple round the lonely grange:

iv

Come: not in watches of the night,
 But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,
 Come, beauteous in thine after form,
 And like a finer light in light.

XCII

i

If any vision should reveal
 Thy likeness, I might count it vain
 As but the canker of the brain;
 Yea, tho' it spake and made appeal

ii

To chances where our lots were cast
 Together in the days behind,
 I might but say, I hear a wind
 Of memory murmuring the past.

iii

Yea, tho' it spake and bared to view
 A fact within the coming year;
 And tho' the months, revolving near,
 Should prove the phantom-warning true,

iv

They might not seem thy prophecies,
 But spiritual presentiments,
 And such refraction of events
 As often rises ere they rise.

XCIII

i

I SHALL not see thee. Dare I say
 No spirit ever brake the band
 That stays him from the native land
 Where first he walk'd when claspt in clay?

ii

No virtual shade of some one lost,
 But he, the Spirit himself, may come
 Where all the nerve of sense is numb;
 Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

iii

O, therefore from thy aightless range
 With gods in unconjectured bliss,
 O, from the distance of the abyss
 Of tenfold complicated change,

iv

Descend, and touch, and enter; hear
 The wish too strong for words to name;
 That in this blindness of the frame
 My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

XCIV

i

How pure at heart and sound in hand,
 With what divine affections bold
 Should be the man whose thought would hold
 An hour's communion with the dead.

ii

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
 The spirits from their golden day,
 Except, like them, thou too canst say,
 My spirit is at peace with all.

iii

They haunt the silence of the breast,
 Imaginations calm and fair,
 The memory like a cloudless air,
 The conscience as a sea at rest.

But when the heart is full of din,
 And doubt beside the portal waits,
 They can but listen at the gates,
 And hear the household jar within.

XCV

i

Br night we linger'd on the lawn,
 For underfoot the herb was dry ;
 And genial warmth ; and o'er the sky
 The silvery haze of summer drawn ;

ii

And calm that let the tapers burn
 Unwavering : not a cricket chirr'd :
 The brook alone far-off was heard,
 And on the board the fluttering urn :

iii

The bats went round in fragrant skies,
 And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes
 That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
 And woolly breasts and beaded eyes ;

iv

While now we sang old songs that peal'd
 From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease
 The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
 Laid their dark arms about the field.

v

But when those others, one by one,
 Withdrew themselves from me and night,
 And in the house light after light
 Went out, and I was all alone,

vi

A hunger seized my heart ; I read
 Of that glad yea which once had been,
 In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
 The noble letters of the dead :

vii

And strangely on the silence broke
 The silent-speaking words, and strange
 Was love's dumb cry defying change
 To test his worth ; and strangely spoke

viii

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
 On doubts that drive the coward back,
 And keen thro' wordy snares to track
 Suggestion to her inmost cell.

ix

So word by word, and line by line,
 The dead man touch'd me from the past,
 And all at once it seem'd at last
 The living soul was flash'd on mine,

x

And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd
 About empyreal heights of thought,
 And came on that which^{*}is, and caught
 The deep pulsations of the world,

xi

Æonian music measuring out
 The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
 The blows of Death At length my trance
 Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt

xii

Vague words I but ah, how hard to frame
 In matter-moulded forms of speech,
 Or ev'n for intellect to reach
 Thro' memory that which I became :

xiii

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd
 The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,
 The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
 Laid their dark arms about the field :

xiv

And suck'd from out the distant gloom
 A breeze began to tremble o'er
 The large leaves of the sycamore,
 And fluctuate all the still perfume,

xv

And gathering freshlier overhead,
 Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
 The heavy-folded rose, and flung
 The lilies to and fro, and said

xvi

'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away ;
 And East and West, without a breath,
 Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
 To broaden into boundless day.

XCVI

i

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
 Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
 Are tender over drowning flies,
 You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

ii

I know not : one indeed I knew
 In many a subtle question versed,
 Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
 But ever strove to make it true :

iii

Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out.
 There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

iv

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
 He would not make his judgment blind,
 He faced the spectres of the mind
 And laid them: thus he came at length

v

To find a stronger faith his own;
 And Power was with him in the night,
 Which makes the darkness and the light,
 And dwells not in the light alone,

vi

But in the darkness and the cloud,
 As over Sinai's peaks of old,
 While Israel made their gods of gold,
 Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

XCVII

i

Mr love has talk'd with rocks and trees;
 He finds on misty mountain-ground
 His own vast shadow glory-crown'd;
 He sees himself in all he sees

ii

Two partners of a married life—
 I look'd on these and thought of thee
 In vastness and in mystery,
 And of my spirit as of a wife

. iii

These two—they dwelt with eye on eye,
 Their hearts of old have beat in tune,
 Their meetings made December June
 Their every parting was to die.

iv

Their love has never past away ;
 The days she never can forget
 Are earnest that he loves her yet,
 Whate'er the faithless people say.

v

Her life is lone, he sits apart,
 He loves her yet, she will not weep,
 Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep :
 He seems to slight her simple heart.

vi

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,
 He reads the secret of the star,
 He seems so near and yet so far,
 He looks so cold : she thinks him kind.

vii

She keeps the gift of years before,
 A wither'd violet is her bliss :
 She knows not what his greatness is,
 For that, for all, she loves him more.

viii

For him she plays, to him she sings
 Of early faith and plighted vows ;
 She knows but matters of the house,
 And he, he knows a thousand things.

ix

Her faith is fixt and cannot move,
 She darkly feels him great and wise,
 She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
 'I cannot understand : I love.'

XCVIII

i

You leave us : you will see the Rhine,
 And those fair hills I sail'd below,
 When I was there with him ; and go . .
 By summer belts of wheat and vine

ii

To where he breathed his latest breath,
 That City. All her splendour seems
 No livelier than the wisp that gleams
 On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

iii

Let her great Danube rolling fair
 Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me :
 I have not seen, I will not see
 Vienna , rather dream that there,

iv

A treble darkness, Evil haunts
 The birth, the bridal ; friend from friend
 Is oftener parted, fathers bend
 Above more graves, a thousand wants

v

Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey
 By each cold hearth, and sadness flings
 Her shadow on the blaze of Lings :
 And yet myself have heard him say.

vi

That not in any mother town
 With statelier progress to and fro
 The double tides of chariots flow
 By park and suburb under brown . .

vii

Of lustier leaves ; nor more content,
 He told me, lives in any crowd,
 When all is gay with lamps, and loud
 With sport and song, in booth and tent,

viii

Imperial halls, or open plain ;
 And wheels the circled dance, and breaks
 The rocket molten into flakes
 Of crimson or in emerald rain.

XCIX

i

RiseST thou thus, dim dawn, again,
 So loud with voices of the birds,
 So thick with lowings of the herds,
 Day, when I lost the flower of men ;

ii

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red
 On yon swell'n brook that bubbles fast
 By meadows breathing of the past,
 And woodlands holy to the dead ;

iii

Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves
 A song that slights the coming care,
 And Autumn laying here and there
 A fiery finger on the leaves ;

iv

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath
 To me the genial earth,
 Me
 And

v

O wheresoever those may be,
 Betwixt the slumber of the poles,
 To-day they count as kindred souls;
 They know me not, but mourn with me.

C

i

I climb the hill from end to end
 Of all the landscape underneath,
 I find no place that does not breathe
 Some gracious memory of my friend,

ii

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
 Or low morass and whispering reed,
 Or simple stile from mead to mead,
 Or sheepwalk up the windy wold;

iii

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
 That bears the latest hnnet trill,
 Nor quarry trench'd along the hill
 And haunted by the wrangling daw;

iv

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock;
 Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
 To left and right thro' meadowy curves,
 That feed the mothers of the flock;

v

But each has pleased a kindred eye,
 And each reflects a kindlier day;
 And, leaving these, to pass away,
 I think once more he seems to die.

OF

i

UNWATCH'D, the garden bough shall swa
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved, that beech will gather bro
This maple burn itself away ;

ii

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air ;

iii

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star ;

iv

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of hern and erake ;
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove ;

v

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child ;

vi

As year by year the labourer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades ;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

CII

i

We leave the well-beloved place
Where first we gazed upon the sky;
The roofs, that heard our earliest cry,
Will shelter one of stranger race

ii

We go, but ere we go from home,
As down the garden-walks I move,
Two spirits of a divers love
Contend for loving masterdom.

iii

One whispers, 'Here thy boyhood sung
Long since its matin song, and heard
The low love-language of the bird
In native hazeis tassel-hung.'

iv

The other answers, 'Yea, but here
Thy feet have stray'd in after hours
With thy lost friend among the bowers,
And this hath made them trebly dear'

v

These two have striven half the day,
And each prefers his separate claim,
Poor rivals in a losing game,
That will not yield each other way

vi

I turn to go - my feet are set
To leave the pleasant fields and farms;
They mix in one another's arms
To one pure image of regret.

CIII

i

On that last night before we went
From out the doors where I was bred,
I dream'd a vision of the dead,
Which left my after-morn content.

ii

Methought I dwelt within a hall,
And maidens with me: distant hills
From hidden summits fed with rills
A river sliding by the wall.

iii

The hall with harp and carol rang.
They sang of what is 'wise' and good
And graceful. In the centre stood
A statue veil'd, to which they sang;

iv

And which, tho' veil'd, was known to me,
The shape of him I loved, and love
For ever: then flew in a dove . . .
And brought a summons from the sea: . . .

v

And when they learnt that I must go
They wept and wail'd, but led the way
To where a little shallop lay
At anchor in the flood below;

vi

And on by many a level mead,
And shadowing bluff that made the ban
We glided winding under ranks
Of iris, and the golden reed;

vii

And still as vaster grew the shore
 And roll'd the floods in grander space,
 The maidens gather'd strength and grace
 And presence, lordlier than before;

viii

And I myself, who sat apart
 And watch'd them, war'd in every limb;
 I felt the thews of Anakim,
 The pulses of a Titan's heart;

ix

As one would sing the death of war,
 And one would chant the history
 Of that great race, which is to be,
 And one the shaping of a star;

x

Until the forward-creeping tides
 Began to foam, and we to draw
 From deep to deep, to where we saw
 A great ship lift her shining sides.

xi

The man we loved was there on deck,
 But thrice as large as man he bent
 To greet us. Up the side I went,
 And fell in silence on his neck:

xii

Whereat those maidens with one mind
 Bewail'd their lot; I did them wrong
 'We served thee here,' they said, 'so long,
 And wilt thou leave us now behind?'

xiii

So rapt I was, they could not win
 An answer from my lips, but he
 Replying, 'Enter likewise ye
 And go with us:' they enter'd in.

xiv

And while the wind began to sweep
A music out of sheet and shroud,
We steer'd her toward a crimson cloud
That landlike slept along the deep.

CIV

i

THE time draws near the birth of Christ ;
The moon is hid, the night is still ;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

ii

A single peal of bells below,
That wakens at this hour of rest
A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.

iii

Like strangers' voices here they sound,
In lands where not a memory strays,
Nor landmark breathes of other days,
But all is new unhallow'd ground.

CV

i

To-NIGHT ungather'd let us leave
This laurel, let this holly stand :
We live within the stranger's land,
And strangely falls our Christmas-eve.

ii

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows :
There in due time the woodbine blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone.

iii

No more shall wayward grief abuse
 The genial hour with mask and mime;
 For change of place, like growth of time,
 Has broke the bond of dying use.

iv

Let cares that petty shadows cast,
 By which our lives are chiefly proved,
 A little spare the night I loved,
 And hold it solemn to the past.

v

But let no footstep beat the floor,
 Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm;
 For who would keep an ancient form
 Thro' which the spirit breathes no more?

vi

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast;
 Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be blown;
 No dance, no motion, save alone
 What lightens in the lucid east

vii

Of rising worlds by yonder wood.
 Long sleeps the summer in the seed
 Run out your measured arcs, and lead
 The closing cycle rich in good.

CVI

i

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light,
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

ii

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

iii

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

iv

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

v

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

vi

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

vii

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

viii

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier band ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CVII

i

It is the day when he was born,
A bitter day that early sank
Behind a purple-frosty bank
Of vapour, leaving night forlorn.

ii

The time admits not flowers or leaves
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
The blast of North and East, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

iii

And bristles all the brakes and thorns
To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
Above the wood which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

iv

Together, in the drifts that pass
To darken on the rolling brine
That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,
Arrange the board and brim the glass,

v

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat,
Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things ev'n as he were by,

vi

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
With books and music, surely we
Will drink to him, whate'er he be,
And sing the songs he loved to hear.

CVID

i

I WILL not shut me from my kind,
 And, lest I stiffen into stone,
 I will not eat my heart alone,
 Nor feed with sighs a passing wind:

ii

What profit lies in barren faith,
 And vacant yearning, tho' with might
 To scale the heaven's highest height,
 Or dive below the wells of Death?

iii

What find I in the highest place,
 But mine own phantom chanting hymns?
 And on the depths of death there swims
 The reflex of a human face.

iv

I'll rather take what fruit may be
 Of sorrow under human skies:
 'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,
 Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

CIX

i

HEART-AFFLUENCE in discursive talk
 From household fountains never dry;
 The critic clearness of an eye,
 That saw thro' all the Muses' walk;

ii

Seraphic intellect and force
 To seize and throw the doubts of man;
 Impassion'd logic, which outran
 The hearer in its fiery course;

iii

High nature amorous of the good,
 But touch'd with no ascetic gloom;
 And passion pure in snowy bloom
 Thro' all the years of April blood; . .

iv

A love of freedom rarely felt,
 Of freedom in her regal seat
 Of England; not the schoolboy heat,
 The blind hysterics of the Celt;

v

And manhood fused with female grace
 In such a sort, the child would twine
 A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,
 And find his comfort in thy face;

vi

All these have been, and thee mine eyes
 Have look'd on, if they look'd in vain.
 My shame is greater who remain,
 Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

CX

i

Thy converse drew us with delight,
 The men of rathe and riper years:
 The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,
 Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

ii

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,
 The proud was half disarm'd of pride,
 Nor cared the serpent at thy side
 To flicker with his double tongue.

iii

The stern were mild when thou wert by,
The flippant put himself to school
And heard thee, and the brazen fool
Was soften'd, and he knew not why ;

iv

While I, thy nearest, sat apart,
And felt thy triumph was as mine ;
And loved them more, that they were thine,
The graceful tact, the Christian art ;

v

Nor mine the sweetness or the skill,
But mine the love that will not tire,
And, born of love, the vague desire
That spurs an imitative will.

lv

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd
 Each office of the social hour
 To noble manners, as the flower
 And native growth of noble mind ;

v

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
 Or villain fancy fleeting by,
 Drew in the expression of an eye,
 Where God and Nature met in light :

vi

And thus he bore without abuse
 The grand old name of gentleman,
 Defamed by every charlatan,
 And sold with all ignoble use.

CXII

i

Hien wisdom holds my wisdom less,
 That I, who gaze with temperate eyes
 On glorious insufficiencies,
 Set light by narrower perfectness.

ii

But thou, that fillest all the room
 Of all my love, art reason why
 I seem to cast a careless eye
 On souls, the lesser lords of doom.

iii

For what wert thou? some novel power
 Sprang up for ever at a touch,
 And hope could never hope too much,
 In watching thee from hour to hour,

iv

Large elements in order brought,
 And tracts of calm from tempest made,
 And world-wide fluctuation sway'd
 In vassal tides that follow'd thought.

CXIII

i

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise :
 Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee
 Which not alone had guided me,
 But served the seasons that may rise ;

ii

For can I doubt, who knew thee keen
 In intellect, with force and skill
 To strive, to fashion, to fulfil—
 I doubt not what thou wouldst have been :

iii

A life in civic action warm,
 A soul on highest mission sent,
 A potent voice of Parliament,
 A pillar steadfast in the storm,

iv

Should licensed boldness gather force,
 Becoming, when the time has birth,
 A lever to uplift the earth
 And roll it in another course,

v

With thousand shocks that come and go,
 With agonies, with energies,
 With overthrowings, and with cries
 And undulations to and fro.

CXIV

Who loves not Knowledge! Who shall rail
 Against her beauty! May she mix
 With men and prosper! Who shall fix
 Her pillars! Let her work prevail.

ii

But on her forehead sits a fire.
 She sets her forward countenance
 And leaps into the future chance,
 Submitting all things to desire

iii

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
 She cannot fight the fear of death.
 • What is she, cut from love and faith,
 But some wild Pallas from the brain

iv

Of Demons! fiery-hot to burst
 All barriers in her onward race
 For power. Let her know her place;
 She is the second, not the first

v

A higher hand must make her mild,
 If all be not in vain; and guide
 Her footsteps, moving side by side
 With wisdom, like the younger child.

vi

For she is earthly of the mind,
 But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
 O, friend, who camest to thy goal
 So early, leaving me behind,

vii

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

CXV

i

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

ii

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

iii

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea ;

iv

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood ; that live their lives

v

From land to land ; and in my breast
Spring wakens too ; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

CXVI

i

Is it, then, regret for buried time
 That keener in sweet April wakes,
 And meets the year, and gives and takes
 The colours of the crescent prime?

ii

Not all . the song, the stirring air,
 The life re-orient out of dust,
 Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
 In that which made the world so fair.

iii

Not all regret, the face will shine
 Upon me, while I muse alone;
 And that dear voice, I once have known,
 Still speak to me of me and mine:

iv

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
 For days of happy commune dead;
 Less yearning for the friendship fled,
 Than some strong bond which is to be.

CXVII

i

O days and hours, your work is this,
 To hold me from my proper place,
 A little while from his embrace,
 For fuller gain of after bliss.

ii

That out of distance might ensue
 Desire of nearness doubly sweet;
 And unto meeting when we meet,
 Delight a hundredfold accrue,

iii

For every grain of sand that runs,
And every span of shade that steals,
And every kiss of toothed wheels,
And all the courses of the suns.

CXVIII

i

CONTEMPLATE all this work of Time,
The giant labouring in his youth ;
Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime ;

ii

But trust that those we called the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

iii

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
And seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man ;

iv

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time

v

Within himself, from more to more ;
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,

vi

But iron dug from central gloom,
 And heated hot with burning fears,
 And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
 And batter'd with the shocks of doom

vii

To shape and use. Arise and fly
 The reeling Faun, the sensual feast.
 Move upward, working out the beast,
 And let the ape and tiger die.

CXIX

i

Doors, where my heart was used to beat
 So quickly, not as one that weeps
 I come once more; the city sleeps;
 I smell the meadow in the street;

ii

I hear a chirp of birds, I see
 Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn
 A light-blue lane of early dawn,
 And think of early days and thee,

iii

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,
 And bright the friendship of thine eye;
 And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh
 I take the pressure of thine hand.

CXX

i

I trust I have not wasted breath.
 I think we are not wholly brain,
 "Magnetic mockeries; not in vain,
 Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death:

ii

Not only cunning casts in clay :
Let Science prove we are, and then
What matters Science unto men,
At least to me? I would not stay.

iii

Let him, the wiser man who springs
Hereafter, up from childhood shape
His action like the greater ape,
But I was *born* to other things.

CXXI

i

SAD Hesper o'er the buried sun
And ready, thou, to die with him,
Thou watchest all things ever dim
And dimmer, and a glory done :

ii

The team is loosen'd from the wain,
The boat is drawn upon the shore ;
Thou listenest to the closing door,
And life is darken'd in the brain.

iii

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,
By thee the world's great work is heard
Beginning, and the wakeful bird ;
Behind thee comes the greater light :

iv

The market boat is on the stream,
And voices hail it from the brink ;
Thou hear'st the village hammer clink,
And see'st the moving of the team.

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name
 For what is one, the first, the last,
 'Thou, like my present and my past,
 Thy place is changed, thou art the same.

CXXII

i
 On, wast thou with me, dearest, then,
 While I rose up against my doom,
 And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,
 To bare the eternal Heavens again,

ii
 To feel once more, in placid awe,
 The strong imagination roll
 A sphere of stars about my soul
 In all her motion one with law ;

iii
 If thou wert with me, and the grave
 Divide us not, be with me now,
 And enter in at breast and blow,
 Till all my blood, a fuller wave,

iv
 Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,
 And like an inconsiderate boy,
 As in the former flash of joy,
 I slip the thoughts of life and death ;

v
 And all the breeze of Fancy blows,
 And every dew-drop paints a bow,
 The wizard lightnings deeply glow,
 And every thought breaks out a rose.

CXXIII

i

THERE rolls the deep where grew the tree.
 O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
 There where the long street roars, hath been
 The stillness of the central sea.

ii

The hills are shadows, and they flow
 From form to form, and nothing stands;
 They melt like mist, the solid lands,
 Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

iii

But in my spirit will I dwell,
 And dream my dream, and hold it true;
 For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
 I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXIV

i

THAT which we dare invoke to bless;
 Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;
 He, They, One, All; within, without;
 The Power in darkness whom we guess;

ii

I found Him not in world or sun,
 Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
 Nor thro' the questions men may try,
 The petty cobwebs we have spun:

iii

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
 I heard a voice 'believe no more'
 And heard an ever-breaking shore
 That tumbled in the Godless deep;

IN MEMORIAM.

iv

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd 'I have felt.'

v

No, like a child in doubt and fear,
But that blind clamour made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;

vi

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

CXXV

i

Whatever I have said or sung
Some bitter notes my harp would give,
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,

ii

Yet Hope had never lost her youth,
She did but look through dimmer eyes;
Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,
Because he felt so fix'd in truth;

iii

And if the song were full of care,
He breathed the spirit of the song;
And if the words were sweet and strong
He set his royal signet there;

iv

Abiding with me till I sail

To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
And this electric force, that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

CXXVI

i

Love is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

ii

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

iii

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

CXXVII

i

And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm,

ii

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,
And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again
fool-fury of the Seine
barricades

iii

But ill for him that wears a crown,
 And him, the lizar, in his rage.
 They tremble, the sustaining crags;
 The spires of ice are toppled down,

iv

And molten up, and roar in flood;
 The fortress crashes from on high,
 The brute earth lightens to the sky,
 And the great Æon sinks in blood,

v

And compass'd by the fires of Hell;
 While thou, dear spirit, happy star,
 O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,
 And smilest, knowing all is well.

CXXVIII

i

THE love that rose on stronger wings,
 Unpalsied when he met with Death,
 Is comrade of the lesser faith
 That sees the course of human things.

ii

No doubt vast eddies in the flood
 Of onward time shall yet be made,
 And throned races may degrade;
 Yet O ye myateries of good,

iii

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fe.
 If all your office had to do
 With old results that look like new
 If this were all your mission known

iv

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,
 To fool the crowd with glorious lies,
 To cleave a creed in sects and cries,
 To change the bearing of a word,

v

To shift an arbitrary power,
 To cramp the student at his desk,
 To make old bareness picturesque
 And tuft with grass a feudal tower ;

vi

Why then my scorn might well descend
 On you and yours. I see in part
 That all, as in some piece of art,
 Is toil coöperant to an end.

CXXIX

i

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,
 So far, so near in woe and weal ;
 O loved the most, when most I feel
 There is a lower and a higher ;

ii

Known and unknown ; human, divine ;
 Sweet human hand and lips and eye ;
 Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
 Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine ;

iii

Strange friend, past, present, and to be ;
 Loved deeplier, darklier understood ;
 Behold, I dream a dream of good,
 And mingle all the world with thee.

CXXX

i

Thy voice is on the rolling air ;
I hear thee where the waters run ;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair

ii

What art thou then ? I cannot guess ;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less

iii

My love involves the love before ;
My love is vaster passion now .
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more

iv

Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;
I have thee still, and I rejoice ;
I prosper, circled with thy voice ;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXXI

i

O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

ii

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust,

ii

iii

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

i

O TRUE and tried, so well and long,
Demand not thou a marriage lay ;
In that it is thy marriage day
Is music more than any song.

ii

Nor have I felt so much of bliss
Since first he told me that he loved
A daughter of our house ; nor proved
Since that dark day a day like this ;

iii

Tho' I since then have number'd o'er
Some thrice three years : they went and came,
Remade the blood and changed the frame,
And yet is love not less, but more ;

iv

No longer caring to enbalm
In dying songs a dead regret,
But like a statue solid-set,
And moulded in colossal calm.

v

Regret is dead, but love is more
Than in the summers that are flown,
For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before ;

vi

Which makes appear the songs I made
 As echoes out of weaker times,
 As half but idle brawling rhymes,
 The sport of random sun and shade

vii

But where is she, the bridal flower,
 That must be made a wife ere noon?
 She enters, glowing like the moon
 Of Eden on its bridal bower:

viii

On me she bends her blissful eyes
 And then on thee; they meet thy look
 And brighten like the star that shook
 Betwixt the palms of paradise.

ix

O when her life was yet in bud
 He too foretold the perfect rose.
 For thee she grew, for thee she grows
 For ever, and as fair as good.

x

And thou art worthy; full of power,
 As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
 Consistent; wearing all that weight
 Of learning lightly like a flower.

xi

But now set out: the noon is near,
 And I must give away the bride.
 She fears not, or with thee beside
 And me behind her, will not fear.

xii

For I that danced her on my knee,
 That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,
 That shielded all her life from harm
 At last must part with her to thee;

xiii

Now waiting to be made a wife,
Her fect, my darling, on the dead ;
Their pensive tablets round her head,
And the most living words of life

xiv

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,
The 'wilt thou' answer'd, and again
The 'wilt thou' ask'd, till out of twain
Her sweet 'I will' has made you one.

xv

Now sign your names, which shall be read,
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
By village eyes as yet unborn ;
The names are sign'd, and overhead

xvi

Begins the clash and clang that tells
The joy to every wandering breeze ;
The blind wall rocks, and on the trees
The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

xvii

O happy hour, and happier hours
Await them. Many a merry face
Salutes them—maidens of the place,
That pelt us in the porch with flowers.

xviii

O happy hour, behold the bride
With him to whom her hand I gave.
They leave the porch, they pass the grave
That has to-day its sunny side.

xix

To-day the grave is bright for me,
For them the light of life increased,
Who stay to share the morning feast,
Who rest to-night beside the sea.

xx

Let all my genial spirits advance
To meet and greet a whiter sun ;
My drooping memory will not shun
The foaming grape of eastern France

xxi

It circles round, and fancy plays,
And hearts are warm'd and faces bloom,
As drinking health to bride and groom
We wish them store of happy days

xxii

Nor count me all to blame if I
Conjecture of a stiller guest,
Perchance, perchance, among the rest,
And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

xxiii

But they must go, the time draws on,
And those white-favour'd horses wait ;
They rise, but linger ; it is late ;
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

xxiv

A shade falls on us like the dark
From little cloudlets on the gmas,
But sweeps away as out we pass
To range the woods, to roam the park,

xxv

Discussing how their courtship grew,
And talk of others that are wed,
And how she look'd, and what he said,
And back we come at fall of dew

xxvi

Again the feast, the speech, the glee,
The shade of passing thought, the wealth
Of words and wit, the double health,
The crowning cup, the three-times-three,

xxvii

And last the dance;—till I retire :

Dumb is that tower which spake so loud,
And high in heaven the streaming cloud,
And on the downs a rising fire :

xxviii

And rise, O moon, from yonder down,

Till over down and over dale

All night the shining vapour sail
And pass the silent-lighted town,

xxix

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,

And catch at every mountain head,

And o'er the friths that branch and spread
Their sleeping silver thro' the hills ;

xxx

And touch with shade the bridal doors,

With tender gloom the roof, the wall ;

And breaking let the splendour fall
To spangle all the happy shores

xxxi

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,

And, star and system rolling past,

A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,

xxxii

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,

Result in man, be born and think,

And act and love, a closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race

xxxiii

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look

On knowledge ; under whose command

Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book ;

xxxiv

No longer half-akin to brute,
For all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped, and suffer'd, &c. but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit ;

xxxv

Whereof the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

xxxvi

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

NOTES.

DATES.

TENTATIVE arrangement of the Dates of events that shape the character of the mourning that is the subject of this poem.

See Notes on XXVIII. i., XXX. iv., for the grounds of this arrangement.

XVIII. Hallam's funeral, January, 1834.

XXVIII. *Christmas, 1834.

XXXIX. Spring, 1835.

LXXII. *Second anniversary of Hallam's death, September, 1835.

LXXVIII. Christmas, 1835.

XCV. Summer, 1836.

XCIX. Third anniversary of Hallam's death, September, 1836.

CIII. Removal from Somersby, 1837.

CIV. Christmas, 1837.

CVI. New Year, 1838.

CVII. Hallam's birthday anniversary, February, 1838.

CXV. Spring, 1838.

Conclusion, 1842.

INTRODUCTION.

i. "God is Love," in Scripture.

ii. God's power on man, of life (l. 2) and death (l. 4).

1. Light and shade; suns and planets (with their satellites).

iii. 1. Thou, O God, madest a life after death for man.

2. Eschatology and teleology are sciences unknown on earth.

* The Christmas of 1833 and the *first* anniversary of the death are passed over in silence in the poem.

iv. 1. Love, the Son of God, is Christ in Christian belief.

3, 4. The human will is free only when it subjects itself to the will of God: i.e. when will and wish are not in conflict; when man *willingly* performs what God commands.

v. 1. Little systems; human institutions, such as the various religions—the various *forms* of religion—that have risen and fallen in the history of man; as opposed to Religion, which is a divine institution, one and eternal.

3. Rays refracted from a central source of light.

vi. 3, 4. Knowledge, too, comes from God, and therefore is not evil: darkness; ignorance.

vii. 2, 3. mind; that knowledge grows in: soul; that reverence dwells in.

4. as before; when both knowledge and reverence were *less* (as opposed to “vaster,” next stanza), but still were both in harmony. The growth of knowledge need not produce discord with faith and reverence in man’s nature; but, alas! it *does* (as in the next stanza). The reference is to the times of primitive Christian faith, before Gnosticism, with its pretence to knowledge of the things of heaven, arose. See CXIV. II. v. nn.

viii. 1. fools; wanting knowledge, ignorant: slight; wanting reverence, flippant: “the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.”

“beginning to have knowledge, we pass on at once from fear of God to mockery of Him (i.e. to atheism).”

3. to bear; *ec.* the trial.

4. thy light; the knowledge of God in revelation.

ix. 1, 2. sin...worth. began; demerit and merit in my actions and conduct, since I began life as a responsible creature. seem’d; for I am no true judge of either my sin or my worth.

3. Man has merit in man’s eyes, but he has no merit in the eyes of God.

4. to thee; to be pleaded before thee.

x. 3. I trust; an instance of the “faith” of stanza vi in thee; though dead to me, here on earth.

xi. 2. wasted; in grief.

3. fall in truth; for instance, when grief drives me to call in question Thy justice, or to doubt of the existence of a future life.

I. i. 1. St. Augustine or Goethe? The author's note says he alluded to Goethe's creed:—"From changes to higher changes."

2. Goethe was a great and many-sided poet. St. Augustine, though he wrote no poetry, was of a highly poetic temperament.

3. St. Augustine, in one of his sermons, speaks of the Ladder of Life, which Longfellow has made the subject of a poem. Augustine rose on this "ladder" from libertine to saint and to be the greatest father of the Latin church. Goethe rose on it, too, in the pursuit of that "development of self" that was the one great object of his life.

4. dead selves; what they once were in thought and character.

ii. 4. interest; to be paid in smiles: "tears" are the capital expenditure. "The good that grows out of grief": author's note.

iii. and iv. I prefer that my love should show itself by running into even extravagant demonstrations of grief than that, by checking all demonstrations of grief, I should give occasion for men to say that my love is worn out.

iii. 1. Let the one keep the other alive. Drowning people do attempt so to save themselves.

2. I prefer that my grief should continue unabated rather than abate or be changed to joy. gloss; as if there is a beauty and charm in such a grief: such a grief is darkness, *but not gloom*.

3, 4. The luxury of such a grief: the joy of hugging one's grief. dance; may have been suggested by the title of Holbein's Plates, beat the ground; this is the literal meaning of the Lat. *tripudiare*, to dance a religious dance. Giving vent to grief in song is only next door to dancing such a dance. The ancients had the custom of funeral dances and songs.

iv. 1. victor Hours: for time triumphs over grief—makes us forget it. This idea forms the subject of the unpublished poem "The Victor Hours," that originally was one of the sections of *In Memoriam*.

2. long result; result in the long run, viz. forgetting the object of love, and grief for its loss.

4. He, once, was all love and all grief: he, now, has forgotten both!

II. i. Perhaps a yew tree in the churchyard near the rectory of Somersby, the poet's residence at the time.

3, 4. What a cold, feelingless embrace this is!

ii. The clock in the church tower, that has timed many a death and burial in the parish.

hi. The yew, an evergreen, is a type of the unchanging Stoic: the changes of the seasons touch it not; no more do those of human life from prosperity (L. 1) to adversity (L. 2).
gale: of winter.

4. Such a length of life for some kinds of trees is nothing uncommon.

iv. 2. Sick for; longing for. See note on XXXIX.

3. I forget my warm human nature and become, or fancy I become, cold and passionless like thee.

III. i. 3. sweet; because congenial; bitter; because it holds out no hope of a life to come. The sorrow here meant is one unhallowed by hope: hence it is called "lying."

ii. 1. blindly; obeying the law of blind fate. run; in their orbits, but only to decay and destruction.

2. The hand of fate has woven a web across the sky that shuts out man from God; so that neither can see or hear or care for the other. This "lie" of sorrow's may be suggested by (a) the tangle made by the tracks of shooting stars during a November meteor shower, suggesting dire confusion and im-

disease. Whatever the metaphor, the meaning remains unchanged.

3. waste places; worlds gone to decay and destruction.

4. Unlike the murmurs of reviving life that came at dawn from Memnon's statue. dying; not merely setting daily, but about to be extinguished for ever

iii. 2. music; like Pythagoras's Music of the Spheres

3. Sorrow's song of despair—"The universe is destined to sorrow that knows no healer: to death without life"

4. form; for nature, according to this view, has no substance. empty hands; for nature has no gifts to bestow her hand, like sorrow's, is empty.

iv. 3, 4. Allow sorrow no entrance into my thoughts, when I begin to think on this subject: shut her out as I would an impurity from the blood.

IV. The hours of sleep bring no relief to my heart.

i. 3. The mind is purposeless in sleep.

ii. O heart, how can you mourn for a loss, when you scarcely seem to know *what* the loss is?

iii. 2. early years; these thy early years: *now* when yet so young. The past is not meant.

3, 4. Let my heart break and let me die; for grief has frozen my tears, and they refuse to flow. Water cooled below the freezing point continues liquid, if undisturbed, but freezes at once, if shaken: and water, at the moment of freezing, expands and may burst the vessel that holds it. The stupefaction caused by first grief is this cooling and freezing: death, that he wishes for, is this bursting.

iv. 2. below; below the closed eyelids, in the brain of the sleeper.

4. You shall not helplessly mourn your loss, but you must try and master your grief.

V. i. 3. As nature partly reveals and partly conceals her soul. A Wordsworthian belief.

ii. 2. measured language; metre, verse, like that of this elegy.

iii. 2. Words can but roughly express my grief.

VI. ii. 2. At the thought that so many hearts break daily.

iv. 4. vast; opposed to the narrowness of a grave on land. wandering; the currents of the ocean are meant.

v. 1. know; that death is at hand. wrought; either (1) was composing a poem, or (2) was cultivating my poetic faculty (without any reference to the actual composition of a poem).

3, 4. The joint result of the poet's composition, and his friends' criticism of it.

x. All the three deaths in this section are *sudden*, like Hallam's.

VII. i. Hallam's London residence, a house of mourning now, and dark and unlovely *now*, to the poet.

iii. far away; in the business quarters and great thoroughfares of London.

VIII. iv. 1. that other: the "happy lover" of stanza i.

v. 3, 4. Tennyson's gift of poetry which he no longer cares to exercise, but which he feels is not dead within him. *fades not*; like *immortelle* flowers.

vi. 1. it; this poetic faculty of mine and the poems its exercise produced.

2. it; this poem of *In Memoriam*. The *it* here and the *it* in l. 1 have not quite the same antecedent. plant; instead of a wreath of flowers: i.e. compose and dedicate to his memory.

3. it; (1) the poetic faculty, or (2) *In Memoriam*. bloom; perpetuate his memory.

4. I shall be unable to compose any more poetry, and *In Memoriam* will be my last (and an unsuccessful) effort at poetic composition. If it in l. 3 is, however, taken to mean *In Memoriam*, then "bloom" and "die" in ll. 3 and 4 mean its success or failure.

IX. i. The ship is called *fair* because it holds what the house, in VII., does not hold, and which therefore is called "dark."

iv. 1. The stars are to act as beacons to the ship Spheres; light up

2. before; let there be no head winds.

v. 2. widow'd; bereaved of a friend; often so used in the poem.

X. iii. 1. Our natural wish to be buried in consecrated ground, and unlike Shelley's friend, Adonais, in our own native land, so "homebred fancies," l. 3

2. The quiet of the churchyard.

iv. 1. To be buried out in the cemetery

3. To be buried in the chancel of the church.

4. The wine in the Eucharist

v. Such was the fate of Milton's friend, Lycidas.

1. wells; the fountains of the deep

4. tangle; a kind of sea-weed.

XI. i. 2. calmer grief; than mine.

4. The time is autumn.

ii. 1. wold; some Lincolnshire down to which the poet has gone, and from which he commands a view of the country round, familiar to his and Hallam's eyes, and of the sea, which now bears his remains; and, by an irresistible impulse, his spirit takes wings, and flies (XII.) hence to the Atlantic or the Mediterranean, to meet the ship.

4. into; as the sun rises.

iii. The flat Lincolnshire country, with the sea visible.

3. towers; of churches.

XII. i. A carrier pigeon with a message, from a beleaguered city, tied under its wing.

ii. 1, 2. I; my spirit. ark; my body: as Noah's dove left the ark.

3. A dead mass of nerves, no longer worked upon by the living power of the will.

iii. 1. mirrors; the plural means the *ever-shifting* horizons large; the widest horizon visible is out at sea.

3, 4. rise; out of the horizon. marge; the verge of the horizon. linger weeping; for my spirit dare not fly further and light on the ship, to meet which it has flown across seas! The mingled imagination and emotion of these five short stanzas are without parallel in any other elegy.

v. 3, 4. sits; on the wold (XI. ii.). an hour; during which he had been lost in this trance.

XIII. i. 2. reveals; in dream.

for, without a strain in the case of "crack'd," they cannot be taken as past participles, with "are" understood.

4. Of course the wind cannot dash sunbeams against anything during a storm: but the violent change of light and shade cast on tree and tower during a storm is here meant along; because the sunbeams are level at sunset.

III. 2. thy; of the ship.

4. Because they suggest to my fancy the strain and stir among your masts and cordage.

IV. 2. Fear that the ship is not sailing on a calm sea.

4. Would fondly gaze on the sublimity of the stormy scene, because it is so congenial to my own state of unrest.

V. 2. labouring; to bring forth rain.

3. topples; top-heavy masses of cumuli clouds are meant, like the "hammer heads" seen, in the monsoons, at the bandheads at the mouth of the Hugh.

4. ore; of the setting sun.

XVI. I. words; namely "calm despair" and "wild unrest" in XI. iv. and XV. iv.

II. Changes of . . . the
sea (they extend . . . home
depths always re . . . No,
moulds like "calc . . . pass
rough the surface of my mind when I think of the world . . .

2. touch; like "transient form," I 3, is opposed to the unchanging essence of the "deep self" of I. 4

XVII. I. 1. comest; art coming. The ship has not yet arrived.

2. Compell'd, impelled. Latin sense. prayer; as in st. i. l. 4.

4. So great is the power of prayer

II. 2. circles; of the horizon. The ship's actual arrival, and the landing of its precious burden, are passed over

4. This is the prayer of st. i. l. 2 repeated here

III. 1. roam; in future voyages: hence "is" in I. 3 is an emphatic future: is sure to be: so "guards," I. 4

IV. 1. tempests; storms in winter

3. summer dark; summer nights: "dark" is a noun.

4. The benign influence of the stars.

XVIII. ii. 1. 'Tis little; for 'tis the gratification of an "idle dream."

3. Clevedon was the home of the Hallams.

3. familiar names; of members of the family buried there.

iii. 1. pure hands; the natural jealousy of affection requires this. head; Milton, too, avoids the word "body" and uses this classicism.

3. whatever; seems to extend the invitation beyond human mourners, to all nature around.

v. 2. firmer; to bear grief: the "weaker" mind would try to escape grief through death.

3. Hoarding up in memory the looks of his friend when alive, that it cannot find in his dead face.

XIX. i. 1. Hallam died at Vienna in September 1833: he was buried at Clevedon, on the Severn, in January 1834.

ii. The silent flood tide passing up, hushes the babbling of the down-running stream, and the echoes the hills gave to that babbling.

3. half; up half its course.

iii. 3, 4. The flood-tide of grief, rushing into the heart, chokes all utterance that might have given relief.

iv. It is only when grief has ebbed that it finds utterance and relief: it was during such intervals, therefore, that the sections of this elegy were composed.

XX. i. 1. It is such lesser griefs that alone are not too deep for utterance.

ii. 1. as it is; such as it is; namely, *not* deep, and therefore capable of being *fully* expressed.

2. Relieve the fulness of grief by tears.

3, 4. *Their* grief is not irreparable.

iii. 3, 4. The deeper griefs that freeze at the heart: see IV.

v. 4. *Their* grief is irreparable.

XXI. i. A touch of the conventional in the "grass" and the "pipes": Hallam was buried in a side aisle, not out in the churchyard. Of course by "pipes" is meant the composition of this elegy. There is an unmistakable tone of listlessness in this stanza.

ii. 1. traveller; such a one as is addressed by the "Siste, Viator" inscribed on tombs.

3. This fellow effeminately indulges in grief instead of manfully checking it.

iv. 2. barren; "what is the result of this barrenness?"

For the date of composition of this section allows this last reference).

4. chairs; of Presidents of republics. thrones, of Kings in monarchies.

v. 3. To feel; with the help of the telescope, spectrum analysis and mathematics. charms; as witches once did.

4. If the date of composition of this section, or of this portion of it, allows it, the reference may be to the discovery of new satellites, namely, two of Uranus in 1847; that of Neptune in 1846; and one of Saturn in 1848 secrets; what would be called the *elements* of a star or planet, in astronomy See note on XXVIII.

vi. 4. Sing because they *must* sing cannot help it.

vii. 2. ranged; can shift for themselves, can fly

XXII. i. 3. Hallam entered Cambridge in Oct. 1823.

ii. 1. singing; composing verse

iii. 11th; September 1833.

XXIII. i. 1, 2. The alternations of the deeper grief, and the lesser grief; during the latter was this "song" sung

3. Alone; friendless what depth of desolation in this word and its repetition! where; at the last mile-post in the journey of my life.

4. cloak'd; the *mystery* of death is meant

ii. 1. Death unlocks the truth or falsehood of all religions; what in life we believe in faith, we shall after death, see to be true or false.

2. wander; for life now is purposeless to me.

iii. 2. The study of Greek mythology embodied in Greek poetry; that endowed every object in inanimate nature with a living genius or spirit, e.g. those of streams, and forests.

3. lavish; luxuriant in nature, and rich in mythologic associations.

4. Pan; either (1) the Universe, as the Greeks named a personified it; or (2) the country,—flocks and fields: Pan being the god of these.

iv. 1. each : of the two friends.

3, 4. We understood each other's thoughts, that the inspiration of the moment gave birth to, even before we could give them expression in words.

3. Thought...Thought ; say, Hallam's..., say, Tennyson's.

v. 2. It seemed to me that all that future time could bring could be nothing but good : how cruelly was this confidence destined to be disappointed !

3. Spring ; the spring-time of life.

vi. 1, 2. Greek philosophy and the sublimity of Greek speculative thought (Argive heights) set forth in poetic, imaginative language : Plato for example.

3, 4. Greek pastoral and idyllic poetry : Theocritus for example. In short, they studied Plato and Theocritus, and authors like them.

XXIV. i. 4. Sunspots, that besides their motion of rotation, have a proper motion of their own (wandering).

ii. This earth would have been a paradise happier than Adam and Eve's.

4. Since this earth was created.

iii. 1, 2. A haze magnifies objects seen through it.

3, 4. Supply "is it." The low depths of present dejection make the heights of my past happiness look higher still. relief ; contrast, height, elevation : a word from sculpture.

iv. 3. Become a globe of pure light, a star of perfect happiness : the distance of the past obliterating the dark spots and imperfections, that the near view of the present reveals.

4. When the past was present, and we saw it from near, we saw it in all the details of its inequalities and imperfections ; just as we, moving on this earth, see it in all the details of its imperfections, but, if we could possibly see it from the moon or one of the planets, would see it as a perfect globe of light.

XXV. ii. 2. Although they are burdened with the weight of the message tied round their neck or wing : so in my case.

XXVI. i. 4. fickle ; in friendship.

ii. 1. eye ; of God, the Eternal Present.

4. Towers of course fall many years after they are built, but the eye of God sees both events as if they occur at the same time, for a thousand years in His eye are but a day. The wording of the line was perhaps suggested by the sudden fall of the tower built at Fonthill by Beckford, the author of *Vahtek*.

iii. 2. Past and future are alike *present* in God's eye.

4. Foresee that present love will end in future indifference

iv. Then may I die to-night

4. proper; own.

XXVII. i. 2, 3. Those who are the slaves of life without love are like those who can endure life without freedom—noble rage; beating its wings against the bars of its cage; fierce love of freedom.

ii Those who are content with a life spent in gratifying

[illegible]

1. The first step is to identify the variables that are likely to influence the outcome variable. In this case, the variables are the number of hours worked per week, the number of children in the household, and the number of children in the household who are under the age of 18.

1. *Chrysomelids* (1000 spp.)

XXVIII. 5. Christmas of 1834. These and other tentative dates are reckoned between two certain dates—Hallam's burial in Jan. 1834, and the removal of the Tennysons from Somersby before Christmas of 1837. They are to be taken, not as giving

to, later on. Hence references, in these sections, to events between 1842, when the action of the poem closes, and 1850, when the poem was *published*, are quite possible. For instance, see notes on XXI v. 4 and CXXVII n. 3. If the dates of action in these notes are put together, it will be seen that between the winter of 1833 and the spring of 1838, there is a significant absence of any reference to the Christmas of 1833 (see note on XXX. iv. 4) and the *first* anniversary of Hallam's death: significant, because these two would be occasions when grief was too deep for utterance (see XIX.) or too deep for any utterance, except that of groans and sighs: and *these* have never been committed to paper, except once—in the score of the Dead March in Saul. But as time passes, and grief lessens, there are references, successively, to summer, to New Year, and, lastly, to Hallam's *birthday* anniversary. After the return of peace to the mind that the reference to this event indicates, there is a pause of years, preparing us for the tone of happiness that pervades the conclusion. It is the art of a master alone.

that could have effected so great a transition, and ended an elegy on death with an epithalamium, without once, during the progress of the transformation, giving even a slight occasion for a charge of insincerity, artificiality, inconstancy, conventionality ! Tennyson, like Milton, frees himself from grief, and goes to fresh woods and pastures new ; but it takes him near ten years before he can do it.

iii. 1. Each voice swells out and fails four times in the wind. This need not mean that the chimes consisted of a set of four bells for each of the four village churches within hearing distance : for that is very unlikely. All that is needed is four strokes on a bell or bells, to correspond to the four syllables of the Scripture Christmas greeting quoted in ll. 3, 4. It is well known how the fancy can make any tune out of the ringing of even a single bell.

iv. 1. This year ; the whole of 1834 : this is another proof that this is the Christmas of 1834, not of 1833.

XXIX. iii. Observe the old custom in private, as long as the church countenances it in public : keep up Christmas in Christian homes (ll. 3, 4), as long as it is celebrated in Christian churches (ll. 1, 2).

iv. 1. Old sisters ; use and wont : but they are the *same* thing.

4. time ; when at last they will become things of the past.

XXX. ii. 4. Shadow ; there is a grimness about this word, and an "awful sense" this presence inspires, that make one reluctant to think it means Hallam's spirit. Death has been called a shadow a few sections back (in XXII.), and it is a violence to one's feelings to apply the same word, so soon after, to Hallam's spirit. It is better, therefore, to take it to mean the gloom cast by the remembrance of death. The line need not mean that death is watching for another victim.

vi. 4. Last year : in 1833. It would seem, at first sight, possible to take this to mean "last Christmas" ; in which case the Christmas of this section would be that of 1833, and not of 1834 ; but if so, this description of the Christmas of 1833 would follow upon the description of the funeral (in XVIII.) that took place in Jan. 1834. This violation of the chronological order of events is itself, therefore, a reason why this meaning should not be accepted. And there is another reason. Could they have found it in their hearts, even in mockery of grief, to have sung songs at the Christmas of 1833, before the funeral was over ? The answer is plain : *that* first Christmas, like the first anniversary of the death, was one of silent grief, of which no record exists in this poem (see XIX. iv.). That Tennyson meant to observe a

vii. 1. The earthly body

2. gathered; because the soul is no longer *disfused* through the body; a neo-Platonic fancy. the same; the identity of the soul is not lost at death.

3. seraphic flame; the soul - it is the nominative.

4. veil to veil; the astral bodies the soul successively clothes itself in, as it passes from star to star, after leaving this earthly body.

viii. 4. Hope; of a future life and therefore of meeting Hallam in that life. born; when Christ died and rose from the dead.

XXXI. li. 4. praise; for revealing the secret of the grave. praise; for raising from the dead. Both would be praises of

praises being accorded to the *same* person.

iii. 3, 4. Even God seemed to rejoice with His human creatures.

iv. 2. What happened during those four days in the grave.

3, 4. He; Christ, rather than Lazarus, for the reason given above. Evangelist, St. John.

XXXII. i. 1. Mary's eyes are not eyes full of curiosity to know secrets.

ii. 1. love; gratitude to one who had raised her brother from the dead.

iii. 1. subtle thought; such as those of theologians on questions regarding the next world.

iv. 1. prayers; as opposed to lives spent in asking questions and raising doubts.

2. loves; earthly love, such as for a brother or a friend. higher love; spiritual love, such as for the "Life" (ii. 4): love of God, the giver of life, and, when it pleases Him, the taker-away of life; the latter event not lessening our love for Him.

3. Who do not allow their souls to be tainted by the impurity of doubt—of "subtle thought and curious fears."

XXXIII. i. 1. toll and storm; of scepticism.

2. purer air; that of philosophic deism, or of belief in an impersonal God, or of pantheism. purer; than scepticism.

3. Beliefs like the above may fitly define their God as a circle whose centre is everywhere, and circumference nowhere.

4. Discard a personal God in faith, and discard ritual in worship.

ii. 2. The belief taught her in childhood regarding a future life.

4. The sweet music made by faith in the soul of such a one.

iii. 1. form; as in i. 4 above, and in "flesh and blood" in i. 3 below.

2. good: good works; typified in the bathing with spike-nard, in XXXIII. iii. 4.

3. Christ and his sufferings.

4. The resurrection.

iv. 1. ripe: and not needing, therefore, to be ripened by divine inspiration, as he vainly thinks.

2. law within; conscience, which is not a safe or sufficient guide without faith "fixed in form."

XXXIV. i. 1, 2. Like a Dead Sea apple.

ii. If I had no faith in a future life, I would think this universe to be, not the handiwork of a benevolent creator, who designed it to be the theatre of man's present life as a preparation for a future life ("aim"), but the transformation of a shapeless mass into a beautiful form—the transformation of a chaos into a cosmos—such as the imagination of a poet might figure ("fantastic"). (For example the imagination of a poet, Lucretius, did fancy that a chance aggregation of atoms produced this fair universe.)

2. Fantastic; such as a poet's fancy may conjure up beauty; because meant merely to please the aesthetic faculty. beautiful to look upon and nothing more.

3. Poet; Lucretius for example.

4. conscience; the goodness of the Creator who created this universe, not for the sake of its beauty merely (the Greek *cosmos*), but with a moral purpose aim; namely, the elevation and perfection of man's nature.

iii. 1. such as I; if I had no faith.

4. patience; in waiting for the natural termination of life.

iv. 1. at once; for example by the philosophic suicide of an Epicurean like Lucretius. peace, that of ceasing to exist (see CXX. ii. 4. n.).

XXXV. i. 1, 2. voice; of a dear one from the grave ("narrow house"). ii. 1. here, in the grave.

iii. 1. The sea has no home, as the soul of man has after death, but wanders for ever round the earth

love would never have come into existence - for love, like life, if once born can never die.

4. narrowest; within the space of this life alone, and of a sensual type (st. vi.).

vi. 1. A sort of friendship-in-idleness. 2. 4. A friendship between animal natures, for mere animal enjoyments.

iii. 1. voice from the grave were to tell



XXXVIII. i. 2. alter'd; for all things are changed to me since his death.

ii. 1. blowing; blossoming.

XXXIX. i. He is back to the yew tree of II. i

2. random; dealt through the sheer idleness of a now purposeless existence.

3. cloud . . .

ii. 2. This, then, is spring-time perhaps of 1835

3. The . . .

3, 4. The darkness of the foliage is lighted up for a time by the flowering; but when the flowers are gone the darkness returns.

This whole section means thus, as far as I can make it out:

In II the unrelieved gloom of the yew tree corresponded to the unrelieved gloom of the poet's mind when its wound was still raw. Here the gloom of the yew, relieved by its frail, short lived blossoming, corresponds to the gloom of his mind, relieved by short-lived gleams of hope that the sense of his loss . . .

he felt

lying

was r

no he . . . everywhere in the universe?" Here, in

XXXIX., he again feels for a moment that his present state is

like the present state of the yew tree; and sorrow again

whispers opportunely, "Hope for nothing lasting from . . .

passing gleams, for . . .

gloom again?" So

effect finally left on

the effect is this.

The asking of the question . . .

whisper from

weakness, can

do what it su;

question itself, . . . from this weakness, even

before the wish is fully formed. He seems to say, "My case and that of the yew tree are *not* the same after all. Why? Because I, a living soul, have faith in a future, that the yew, a perishable body, cannot have. In that faith I will not make myself case-hardened, as sorrow, unhallowed by faith, cynically suggests I should; but I will keep myself soft and vulnerable, in the hope that my wound will at last be healed." This hope is, however, yet a very faint one, and the gloom prevails over it, as the tone of the next section and viii. 3 in it show. The question is, does or does not the poet accept the analogy between his case and that of the yew tree? The prevailing gloomy tone of XXXIX. and XL. seems to show that he *does*: the word "lying" seems to show that he *does not* or *does against his better self*. This is the crux of the section.

XL. i. 1. The widowhood of friendship is meant.

ii. 2. latest; last: archaic use.

4. Smiles and tears.

v. 2. Hallam's death on earth was his marriage into heaven: "fruit" shows this to be the metaphor. The poet uses the word "heaven" here for *his* idea of the next world, and not merely for the popular idea of it, as in XXXIII.: so again in LXIII.

4. full-grown energies; corresponding to the matronhood of st. iv.

vi. This analogy, too, does not suit the poet's case, and cannot, therefore, console him: for "*she* returns to her old home, but *he* will never come back to me!"

2. Her father's house.

vii. 1. Tell them the news: tell them all they wish to hear.

2. boast; a mother's boast—"the finest baby," etc.

4. Will think the grandchild to be as dear as their daughter was when *she* was a babe. things; relationships.

viii. The despair of these lines cannot be mistaken; but there is faith in the second line, where the word "till" shows the limit beyond which he will at last be out of reach of despair. Despair to him, *at most*, can be life-long, but no further.

3, 4. We two never shall meet again on earth.

XLI. i. 4. Physics again: rarefied air rises above denser air.

iii. 3. grades; youth, middle age, old age. light; pass beyond the bounds of ether.

iv. 3. The fear of hell, as hell was understood in mediæval theology.

4. *Either* (1) hell, where many are, whose names and sins

theology and poetry of mediæval and even later times, like Milton's.

v. 2. inner; of conscience.

4. no more; not even after death in the next world he will yet occupy a lower rank among the blessed than his friend will.

vi. 3. Future ages in the next life.

XLII. i. 3. We studied at the same university, and attended the same classes; but that was all the equality between us.

ii. 1. Place; space, the universe. retain; but as unequals, such as we were on earth.

iii. 3. For example, Tennyson who knows not, for he sees not, the future life.

4. For example, Hallam who knows the future life, for he enjoys it: there Hallam will be Tennyson's teacher

XLIII i. 2 folded; in sleep at night. bloom, flower Old English and German use.

3. The darkness of the grave dividing the light of two lives—this and the next.

ii. 2. body; which it has put off.

3 traces; of friendship on earth.

4. A dim consciousness or memory of its past life is all that relieves the blank oblivion of the soul in death. all; because it knows no more—knows not the future life as yet.

iii. 2. still garden; where every flower is folded up in sleep.

3. figured, with those "traces of the past" above. leaf petal.

iv. 2. Time; opposed to eternity.

3. prime ; morning, *i.e.* the rising of the soul from the dead.

4. The word "soul" here and the language of the whole section show that the reference is to the awakening of the soul after the sleep of death, and not to the resurrection of the body.

XLIV. i. 1, 2. Here on earth man grows from infancy to manhood. Do the dead similarly grow to spiritual manhood?

3, 4. Man forgets the incidents of his infancy—the time that elapses between birth and the closing of the sutures of the skull. Do the dead similarly forget the incidents of their life on earth? doorways; the fontanels in the infant skull that close about the third year after birth.

ii. 2. the memory.

4. The reminiscence of Plato's philosophy and Wordsworth's poetry is different.

iii. 1. years; of life in the next world led by the happy dead.

2. Death; the dead. so; as man does on earth.

4. ranging; (1) taking thy place and rank around the throne of God as a peer of heaven, or (2) wandering in the happy Elysian fields of the Christian heaven, in the company of brother spirits.

iv. 3, 4. Tennyson's guardian angel will fly up to heaven, where he has the access that is denied to his charge, and will resolve Hallam's doubt into certainty. "He will tell you that I, Tennyson, am that friend whose memory has flashed across your mind, and that I remember you: O how much I remember you!" For power of imagination and emotion this section stands by the side of section XII. How much is left unspoken, and yet is clearly understood as if it was all spoken out, in the four words "and tell thee all!"

The meaning of the whole section is this:

When the soul of man is born into this world in the body of an infant, it forgets, in early childhood, the incidents of infancy, with the exception of faint reminiscences flashed now and then on its mind; while, as the child advances towards manhood, he acquires more and more knowledge of life on earth. Is the case the same with the happy dead? Do they also, when they die on earth and take their birth in heaven, forget the incidents of their life on earth, with the exception of a reminiscence of them now and then, while they grow more and more in knowledge of the things of the next life? If so, then, perchance, during one of these flashes of reminiscence a faint recollection of *some* friend on earth will cross Hallam's mind; and then my guardian angel, watchful over me, reading his thoughts, will tell

faint.

XLV. i. 4. Has never thought of its own identity.

iii. 1. rounds; forms a definite conclusion as to his own

2. clear memory; of self: of all that the I or the ego thinks and feels and wills and does

3. frames either (1) the external world within which his existence as a separate unit is conditioned, or (2) (better) his body that defines the limits of his self or identity.

4. isolation; identity: the fact that *he is he* or *I am I*

1. blood and breath; life in the flesh.

2. due; the duty they were expected to fulfil namely,

4. Beyond the grave and in the next life. second birth; birth into the next life, the first birth having been into this life. of Death. brought about by, following upon, death.

XLVI. i. 1. lower track; life on earth

2. path; our past lives on earth.

3. The past becomes dim in memory as life advances growing hour; the future into which life ever advances.

4. Lest we should faint, as we should, if the memory of our past lives, with their follies and worse, was ever glaringly vivid before our eyes. It is a merciful providence that ordains this

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failing memory of the past and an engrossing occupation of the mind with the present and the future.

ii. 1. there; in the next life; in the "upper track."

2. dawn; life after death.

3. clear; not "shadowed" as it was during life on earth.

4. eternal; never to be forgotten. landscape; Hallam's life on earth.

iii. 2. increase; Scripture word: the metaphor is from the return from field and flock; 1. 4 shows that the metaphor is not from the parable of the talents.

3. Though Hallam belonged to a rich family, *wealth of mind* is more meant here.

4. five years; of Hallam's college life at Cambridge University, Oct. 1823 to Sept. 1833.

iv. Thus, then, Hallam's identity will extend from his life on earth to his life in the next world: and when he becomes aware of this identity, will he not also become aware of the identity of that friendship that enriched that life? and will not this friendship also extend to the next life, as it extended over four short years of this life? To what would have been the clear but cold and colourless landscape of a highly gifted intellectual nature and spotless moral character, Hallam's friendship with Tennyson imparts colour and warmth—to use the language of painters.

2. bounded; flourishing on this earth only; and, in their case, for four short years only.

3. also; as thou hast over a brief portion of this life on earth. brooding star; love (i.e. friendship) broods over the landscape of life. A star changes not with change in that which it shines over: the landscape of Hallam's life changed when, for example, he passed from the studies of the University to the practice of the law, and when he passed from earth to heaven; but the star of his friendship with Tennyson continued and will continue, unchanged, its loving gaze upon the lives of both.

4. The light of friendship imparts colour and warmth to life, in both this and the next world. *marge to marge*; this expression also occurs in st. ii., and, one thinks, should have the same meaning. In st. ii. the meaning is: "the landscape of our *past* lives on earth shall lie eternally clear when we shall look back upon it from the next world." Giving to it this same meaning here in st. iv. would be repetition without advance in the thought. Further, though applicable in st. ii., it is inapplicable here; for it would mean that the star of love brooded over the *whole* of the earthly lives of these two friends, which it did not, for it brooded over only a portion of it. Therefore a meaning for this expression here, *different* from its meaning in

at it, is forced upon us. This meaning seems to be, "a friendship for only five years, or for only a whole lifetime on

XLVII. 1. 2. move his rounds; run his course in the orbits

3. skirts; self is the body. the thoughts and passions and actions of self are its dress

4. The Buddhist doctrine of Nirvana or Spinoza's doctrine that man's soul is only a mode of the divine existence, in which it merges after death

ii. 2. Eternal form; St. Paul's glorified body at the resurrection, but used here without reference to that event as opposed to this perishing body of the flesh.

3. The soul in its glorified body will retain its identity.

4. What directness and passion in these words!

iii. 1. endless; unlike the short-lived four years' feast on earth.

3. vaster; than this dream and hope of love eternal.

4. at least; if this endless feast will not be permitted

iv. 1. sharpest height; the last of these individual lives, and the highest; from which we take the leap upwards into the infinite ocean, where all individuality is drowned and lost.

2. Before we lose identity and individuality, and become merged in the general soul.

3. Where the two souls may meet for the last time, before losing their identity and individuality in that "ocean."

4. light; the infinite ocean of light, God, in which they vanish, as a lark vanishes in the light of the sun.

XLVIII. ii. 1. part; analyse.

2. harsher mood; that of fresh and violent grief.

4. Solve the doubt as love dictates: this is the "reasoning" of the emotions.

iii. 2. better; than philosophy that persists in discussing the forbidden subject. wholesome law; namely, that poetry is not fit to answer these doubts, no more than philosophy and science are.

4. deepest measure; fullest answer.

iv. 4. Dip their wings in *the deep pool* of tears, instead of trying to dive to the bottom.

XLIX. i. 1. Poetry, the influence of nature, philosophy.

2. random; as opposed to the steady influence of the fixed star of his dead friend's invisible presence.

3. shiver'd lance; broken pencils of light.

ii. thought ... fancy ... song; all three mean poetry.

4. sullen surface; of grief's dark pool.

iii. 2. winds; of thought, fancy, song, above.

3. seeming-wanton; for the smiling ripple is of the bitter waters of grief.

iv. 3. muffled; because his grief is below the surface.

L. i. 2. A languid circulation and cramps, as signs of coming dissolution.

ii. 2. pangs; of doubt and despair.

3. maniac; while to the happy, time is well-regulated. dust; while on the happy, time scatters flowers.

4. flame; the torches of the furies of mythology.

iii. 2. men; like those alluded to in XXI.

iv. 2. point; show to me death on earth.

3, 4. And then point to the life after death.

4. twilight; governed by "point" in l. 2.

2.4. To point out to me that the end of life on earth, is the beginning of life eternal.

LI. ii. 3. clear eye; of the spirit.

iii. 3, 4. Death is great, not because he merely destroys life, but because he bestows wisdom on those whom he slays: the

dead, therefore, are wise, and he will conceal nothing from the eyes of the dead Hallam, though he may have concealed some things from those of the living Hallam: for the one is wiser than the other.

iv. 1. climb; the hill of virtue fall; into the abyss of vice.

3. ours; of us the living.

4. And not to be our accuser, like the devil.

LII. i. 1, 2. The fact that I am not quite *like* you is a proof that I do not quite *love* you: sincere love (like sincere flattery) imitates what it loves.

4. topmost froth; opposed to the depths of weighty thought.

ii. 4. An imperfect record of friendship, like the poet's "words," cannot impair the strength of friendship

iii. 1. a spirit; say, Tennyson's own.

2. ideal; of a perfect human life, as far as it can be perfect; say, Hallam's life.

3. record; of the life of one whom we can read of, but cannot meet in life: the lives of the good and great men of the past. sinless years; not even the record of the life of Christ. A *living example* or a *living presence* alone can keep us true to our ideal.

iv. 3. The good actions of your life are garnered up for reward

4. shell; what is evil in us: the "flecks of sin" above. pearl; what is good in us: the "wealth" above. *sunder'd*; when will this sundering be? at death? or in the course of life in the next world?

LIII. ii. 1. give to; give way to, give in to, entertain.

3 barren; without even wild oats (i. e. vice) being sown in it.

4. grain; the grain of a virtuous life.

iii. 4 The eddy of vice into which the passions plunge the young.

iv. 1. Hold to the good yourself, and trust to the example you set to others, rather than to philosophising about good and evil.

2. divine Philosophy; the "façade" of st. ii., that tries to

""

""

""

3. push; be made an excuse for leading a vicious life.

4 Be made to further the ends of evil, by encouraging vice among the young and unthinking, and so serve to populate hell.

LIV. i. 1. yet: for good cannot be effected by such means as the "divine Philosophy" of LIII.

3. nature; our lower nature. of will; deliberate.

4. doubt; between good and bad. taints; hereditary vice.

ii. 4. pile; edifice of a moral universe.

iii. 1. We trust that the very sufferings of the humblest creatures are not due to wanton mischief, but contribute, however remotely, to the building up of this moral universe.

4. gain; food for birds and lizards.

iv. 3. to all; and not exclusively to the "elect."

4. The grief and sinfulness of every individual man will ultimately contribute towards his joy and purification.

v. 2. infant; one who *knows* nothing, understands nothing, but only *feels* a want: here, the want, the longing for an answer from God to this question. night; of ignorance.

3. light; knowledge divinely inspired.

LV. i. 3. Derives; is derived.

4. Man resembles God in the possession of that divine emanation, the soul: which is the immortal, eternal element in his nature.

ii. 1. God and the soul are eternal. Nature, matter and body are perishable.

3. type; the species. Lines 3, 4 are illustrated in iii. 3, 4.

iv. 1. firmly trod; when I thought that nature in her operations followed God.

3, 4. The degrees by which faith evolves itself out of materialism. darkness; in which nature seems to be at strife with God.

v. 2. I obtain only unsatisfactory answers to my doubts from mere rational discussion of them.

3. Lord of all; and, therefore, Lord of this question, and able to answer it: and Lord over nature and able to control her apparently merciless operations for the furtherance of His own merciful ends.

4. larger hope: that not only the race ("type"), but the individual, will be saved.

LVI. i. 2. From fossils contained in cliff-faces and caves and quarries.

4. Nature seems to say, "I have no mercy, for race or individual."

ii. 3. "Spiritus" in Latin means the breath; the breath ceases at death; therefore, the soul dies with the body: this is the argument of materialism.

4. "I, Nature, know nothing about what you call the immortality of the soul."

iii. 2. splendid purpose; one not limited to *this* life.

3, 4. Man praised God in hymns for "the bounties and bless-

unconquerable. One who has no true faith praises his gods only when they seem to grant his prayers, and *perishes* them when they seem to refuse.

iv. 2. final law; although other laws seemed to intervene and to retard the action of this law for a time. for instance, the law of the survival of the fittest, in science; the law that the weakest goes to the wall, in popular ethics; illustrated in ll. 3, 4, and based upon that final law of the materialist that hatred is the law of nature (while faith holds that love is the final law of God).

v. 3, 4. Shall man, a spirit in essence, who fought for the spiritual ("the true, the just") against the material, when he dies, leave nothing behind him but the material "dust-to dust" of his body, to be scattered in the desert, or shut up fast as a fossil in geologic strata?

he passes away, body and soul.

2. discord; that jars upon the harmony of God's creation, and God's law; for this law says there is a *soul*, which does not perish; and yet, while man regulates his life on earth in accordance with *faith* in this law, his *fate* after this life would belie that faith. prime; the great saurian reptiles belong to a late geologic age, but still an age earlier than the age in which man came into existence.

3. tare; the result of following nature's law. *atime*; the reptiles of the lias, and other beds, could only have lived under an excessively warm and moist climate.

4. music; for nature's law says there is only body or matter, which perishes; so that the life and the fate of brutes are quite in *harmony* with this law, and with each other.

vii. 2. thy; of one from the dead, (Hallam's, say) to give the lie to this;—to say that there is a life of the soul after the death of the body.

4. the veil; of *death*. We shall get both answer and redress in the next world.

LVII. i. 2. earthly; and not of things beyond the grave.

4. let us go; Tennyson and other mourners now leave Hallam's grave, where, in thought at least, they have been present since section XXI., and at which all these thoughts about life and death naturally arose to the minds of all, but found expression from the lips of one only.

ii. 1, 2. It is the strength of his love that prompts to this arrogant claim surpassing that of the other mourners. Whose grief, his or theirs, is stronger? In many places in this poem we see signs of fiercely flaming emotion, the fiercer for being kept under stern check.

3, 4. I fancy for a moment that his memory is enshrined in my heart and in these poems, but I shall die and these poems will be forgotten. The frame of mind here is one of doubt as to the future, which leads to the farewell *for ever* uttered in st. iv.

iii. 2. seem; as the bells of Clevedon Church actually toll now.

LVIII. ii. 2. The hearts of the living—of other friends of Hallam's.

iii. 2. fruitless; that falls and dries up quickly.

3. here; on earth.

4. Erect a more lasting monument, pay a more precious tribute, than a passing tear or a farewell *for ever*: take, not a despairing leave for evermore, but one that looks forward with hope to a meeting again (in the next world). This is a resolution, made as he quits his friend's graveside, to confer immortality, as it were, on his poems, by continuing them, so that they will pass from their present tone of doubt and desolation into a tone of hope and conviction of a future life and future reunion with his friend—a resolution to continue, like Ulysses, the strenuous work of life, instead of saying, with a "fruitless tear," that life and work are now over for him.

LIX. i. 2. The child of this marriage will be the poem *In Memoriam*.

ii. 3. harsher; as sorrow was, when the loss was recent, and she talked of hopeless despair.

4. The chastening effect of sorrow: sorrow joined now to faith.

iii. 3. to play; to compose bits of this poem.

iv. 3, 4. I know thee well to be sorrow, though decked in song; but others will call it affectation of grief, or luxury of grief, or the poet's art.

LX. The inequality here is that between the states of life in this world and that in the next; between the living and the happy dead.

LXI. i. 3. The wise and great in the history of the human race.

ii. 4. blanch'd; like plants that are deprived of light, and lose their chlorophyll.

iii. 1. doubtful shore ; this earth, dimly seen from where you now are.

2. He has now a *second* form—that of a spirit (l. 3).

4. Shakspeare ; whose society he now enjoys. The Shakspeare who wrote those sonnets on friendship

LXII. i. 1. Your eye looking down from heaven (LXI. ii. 1) and seeing how inferior I am now to you.

2. blench : from so unequal a friendship with an inferior

iii. 4. A passing smile at the thought “ how could I have fallen in love with such a thing ! ”

LXIII. i. 3, 4. High aspirations are quite consistent with regard for the lowly, who cannot share in these aspirations.

ii. 4. And so mayest thou set my pain at ease.

LXIV. ii. 1. bar ; to his rising.

hi. 2. golden keys ; of office.

3. mould ; as minister.

4. shape ; as privy councillor.

iv. 2. slope ; a sheer precipice could not be climbed ; hence a slope.

v. 3. distant ; not the same, not so present, as when he was a village boy.

vi. 1. narrower ; when in his “ low estate.”

LXV. i. 1. Give what answer you please to my question.

ii. 2. phases ; of self-distrust, of feelings of unworthiness.

LXVI. i. 1. There is an abruptness in his tone whenever he addresses anyone who intervenes between him and his thoughts, too far ; ever to recover its cheerfulness.

ii. 3. Has humanized my soul (as Wordsworth put it).

iv. 1. He makes cat-cradles to amuse them.

2. dreaming ; for he cannot see it with his “ no eyes.”

3. The memory of the days when he could see, cannot fade away.

4. always there ; irreparable.

LXVII. i. 3. The Atlantic or the Bristol Channel

4. walls ; of the church within which he lies buried.

These stanzas weirdly set forth how the two friends, so widely separated, still seem to share something in common—the right light !

LXVIII. i. 3. Sleep does not know his own brother : i.e. in my dreams I think you are alive, while in my waking hours I know but too well you are dead.

ii. 1. I walk ; I dream that I walk.

2. In the morning of life.

iii. iv. This is the result of the confusion—the dissolving views—in dreams.

LXIX. i. 2. ancient power ; of self-renovation : nature is a phoenix.

4. The weather is too inclement for them to venture further out.

ii. 3, 4. "The crown of thorns" is these poems of grief he composes. civic crowns among the Romans were bestowed for saving life. Does it mean here that the poet had saved the memory of his friend ?

iii. 3. They ; neighbours.

iv. 2. I found a comforter in the midst of this darkness of the soul.

4. He ; the third person is used because he does not yet recognize him ; the second person is used (LXX. iv. 4) when this recognition takes place.

v. 1. glory of a hand ; the hand of an angel of glory.

4. He spoke of the happiness of the next life, no doubt : for the minds of the living cannot understand such happiness nor their ears language about it.

In these two stanzas, as in others (e.g. LXX. iv.) following upon trouble and misery, one seems to listen to the sweet harmony of the poet's own favourite, Beethoven, following in the resolution of one of his masterly discords.

LXX. i. 2, 3. When I try to trace, in the face before me, the features of my friend.

4. Indistinct confused faces, seen in dreams.

ii. 1, 2. towers ; as of a heaven. gulf, as of a hell.

3. hand ; the hand of time.

4. Vague creations of the imagination during sleep.

iii. 2. drive ; as they do in Dante. Tennyson passes through something like hell and purgatory till Hallam's face beams on him (like Beatrice's on Dante) from heaven.

iv. 1. beyond ; there is a strange impotence of the will in our dreams.

3. lattices ; of heaven. the ; my.

LXXI. i. 2. madness; for reason sleeps during madness.

3. night long; existing in a dream. of; out of.

4. The two friends had actually once travelled together through France to the Pyrenees.

ii. 1. such credit; such influence as to be able to bring his spirit from heaven into my company in a dream.

3. The indefinable sense of loss that I have even in sleep.

4. So that, sleeping or waking, I may have him with me (in imagination) all the twenty-four hours of the day, and the rest of my life so become one unbroken dream, and I never awake to a sense of the pain of deprivation.

iii. Join "talk" (L 1) to "in walking" (L 4).

2. (1) The change that time brings about and that reduces everything to dust at last, or (2) the dust or disturbance raised by change

3 Time that brings about the unexpected.

LXXII. i. 1. The *second* anniversary of Hallam's death, September 1833.

3. white; by turning up the under sides of the leaves.

ii. 1. crown'd; with friendship.

2. That adverse judgment or sentence—his premature death.

4. The very sun seemed to my eyes to become dim.

iii. 2. quick tears; heavy fall of rain.

3 Pull sideways; droop: a new rendering of Homer's *irpazei*.

iv. 1. windless fairs; sunrise in a calm.

2. deep East; (1) deep ocean of the East; or (2) deep coloured dawn

4 the same; to me. I should be indifferent to the weather, rain or sunshine.

v. 3. The invisible stroke of death.

vi. 2. thick; cloudy.

3. goal; of sunset.

4. shame; for Hallam died on that day.

LXXIII. i. 1. worlds; spheres of activity in the next life, where the soul passes from world to world, star to star, exercising its energies in each.

2. to be; yet to be done.

4 strong; in intellect. true; in moral nature.

ii. 4 Everything that happens, happens in accordance with law.

iii. 2. A genius, a leader of men, soon loses the following he had, and the path he trod is soon obliterated.

iv. 3, 4. Those energies that on earth might have been directed to the welfare of a nation and the ruling of an empire, are now concentrated upon the work of self-development in the next world. Spirits in heaven do not rest in the enjoyment of a stationary state of happiness, but their happiness consists in that unceasing upward progress whose aim is to approach ever a little nearer to the perfection of God. On earth the reward would have been fame, in heaven the reward is self-development. A spirit of heaven is a nobler St. Augustine or Goethe!

LXXIV. ii. 3, 4. Who are these wise and great ones? Poets or statesmen?

iii. 2. No doubt Tennyson does not like to specify the walk of life, poetry or statesmanship, in which Hallam's genius might have led the way. We have Mr. Gladstone's testimony as to *what might have been* (*Life*, by Morley, i. 108; *Gleanings of Past Years*, ii. 136 *eg.*).

4. Genius illumines the earth, when it has had time to develop itself: and we may fancy that death, having made premature prize of this genius, tries to illumine the darkness of his realm with it; and lights this candle within the grave!

LXXV. iii. 1. these fading days: this transitory life on earth.

3. round: surround as with an atmosphere.

iv. 3, 4. The world gives credit to *actual* performances only, and is indifferent to *possibilities*, to promises cut short.

LXXVI. i. 4. At an infinite distance in space the universe of stars itself must look infinitely small, i.e. will be reduced apparently to a point.

ii. 2. The hidden recesses of future ages. This stanza asks us to think of the infinite in space, the next, of the infinite in time, and then let us think how small and short-lived all the greatest of human performances are in comparison.

3. 4. The greatest poem man can compose is forgotten sooner than a fairly long-lived tree takes to decay.

iii. 1. 2. And if it is true that Homer, and other early poets, are still unforgotten. darkness; of barbarism, poetry being the first civilizer. matin; when man just began to emerge from the night of barbarism.

iv. 4. towers; branchless trunks of trees.

LXXVII. i. 3. Poetry, history, biography; unless the deeds and lives of heroes of epic poetry are meant.

iii. 1. picture; of my friend grieving for my death.

2. sentence; sentiment (of grief).

iv. 1. credit; the example I believe he would have set in this supposed case.

3. Unused example; one that has never *actually* been set: the same as "credit" (l. 1).

LXXXI. i. 1, 2. I wish I could have said that I had enjoyed the full fruits of friendship here on earth, during those years he was alive!—that our friendship, though short-lived, was perfect!

ii. 1. then; when you were alive. richer store; from a more prolonged friendship.

2. What end; my answer is "no end"; for I feel the loss all the more keenly: but Death gives the true answer, and ends my complaint (st. iii.).

iii. 2. gain; to thee.

3, 4. Death thus effects in a moment what a life prolonged on earth could have effected but slowly—namely, the full ripening of my love.

LXXXII. i. 3. lower life; worms.

ii. 3. stalks; from which the ears of corn have been threshed.

iii. 2, 4. use... profit; the language of economics.

3. transplanted; to some other world.

4. elsewhere; as in LXXV. v.

LXXXIII. i. 1. Dip down; from the equator and equatorial regions.

2. new-year; the natural new-year, beginning with the youth and ending with the old age, of the year. See "April days," ii. 3.

ii. 1. clouded; as in April.

iii. 1. spire; flowering spikes.

4. The laburnum, one variety of which is yellow, flowers in pendulous racemes.

LXXXIV. i. 1. contemplate; accented on the second syllable.

ii. 2. central warmth; a sun; the head of a family.

4. all; children and grandchildren.

iii. 4. The references to Hallam's betrothed are very rare and brief in this poem: it is the reticence, the silent respect, of one great grief for another.

vii. 4. golden hills; of success (as author or statesman).

ix. 1. slowly; and not by a sudden death. worn; worn out.

x. 3. strait; the moment of death separating the two lives, this life and the next.

xi. 1. Arrive; Milton, too, uses this verb so: it is more correct than "arrive at": the "at" being already expressed by the prefix.

4. single soul; the Platonic fancy about love: one soul cleft in two before birth, and the halves seeking each other on earth, and unhappy till re-united.

xii. 2. backward; looking back on what might have been

LXXXV. l. 1. The recollection of his death and funeral.

3, 4 The reader will mark for himself the most often quoted lines in this poem: these two are, perhaps, the first in that list.

ii. 1. Lushington, the future husband of one of the poet's sisters: their marriage is the subject of the epilogue

4. What kind; does not this grief for the dead wrong the living?

iv. 4. kindly; of *kind*?

the
into

Man's intelligence acquires knowledge in dribblets, slowly, painfully; an intelligence higher than his takes in at a glance, in a moment, all that he will thus acquire in the slow course of ages

ix. 1. The mutual control of equal on equal: not the control of superior on inferior.

2. heart; this is the controlling power under a rule of friendship; and hence the equality between controller and controlled in such a form of rule.

3. A soul clothed in an angel's body.

x. 2-4. How much the possession of a *free* *will* *of* *inf*

min *of* the other's

4. intellect; that strengthens the weakness of the other's mind (xiii. 2, 4)

xiv. 1. imaginative woe; my grief that once took an intellectual turn, and seemed, for a time, to be seated more in the brain than in the heart.

2. Loved to dwell upon such questions as the conflict between spirit and matter, good and evil, and, accordingly, between God and nature. Tennyson has been discussing these questions, and the discussion has had one good effect, as the next lines set forth.

3. Diffused; and so lessened the intensity of the pangs of grief, while it permanently influenced his thoughts upon such matters.

4. Broke the full force of the blow: otherwise his grief might have killed him.

xv. 1. pulses; natural emotions.

4. hopes; for instance that of becoming a great poet, or of contracting a well-placed friendship.

xvii. 2. Free from fears of its ever being dissolved.

3. all-assuming; all-absorbing, all-devouring.

xix. 4. prime passion; first friendship.

xx. 2. The influence of my dead friend is a silent influence; for I could not understand his language, if he spoke to me: yet it yearns to speak, and my mind divines what he wishes to say.

xxii. 1. clouds; for example, the feeling of pain for a friend's distress. nature; human nature on earth.

2. the free; the happy dead, free from all feelings of pain.

4. pain; my pain.

xxiii. 3. conclusive; final.

4. The final happiness of the next life. serene; not disturbed by that pain that disturbs all happiness on earth.

xxiv. 3. symbols; of realities: the realities themselves being beyond me.

4. fancy-fed; with the thought that the dead try to communicate with me.

xxv. 2. That our separation is temporary.

2, 3. I shall experience a meeting in some other world, where my love shall again meet his.

xxvi. 1. If with a love as true but not as fresh, as that which I feel for him.

xxvii. 1. hold apart; monopolize.

2. golden hours; of youth, with the world all before ("promise").

4. virgin heart; one that has not known friendship before.

xxx. 1. imperfect; of a widowed friendship.

2. yet; although it blooms so late.

3. later; latter part of; i.e. autumn.

In this long section, with masterly art, the poet silences what might have been thoughtlessly charged against him as inconsistency in conduct. He does here what he once said he would

because grief is now less an opposite conduct, persisting in a consistency which can only save appearances, would have been affectation, insincerity.

LXXXVI. i. 4, ii 1. Clearing the sky of clouds with your breath.

ii. 3, 4. Passing like a shadow over the bend or reach of a river, and raising ripples in it. When a breeze passes over smooth water, the sheen of the surface is dimmed, as if a cloud

iii. 2. *new life*; due to the new friendship

3. *doubt and death*; that have hitherto haunted him these are the clouds of i. 4

4. *ay*; because it is now released from doubt and thoughts of death.

iv. 1, 2. *crimson odour*; the happiness of a second spring in life that this new friendship brings to him in prospect *streaming far*; and not destined to be short-lived, he hopes, like those four years.

3. *orient star*, the rising star of the new friendship.

4. *spirits*; the blest inhabitants of that star in the allegory, the blessings, the happy events, this new friendship is destined to teem with.

These gorgeous *atanzas*, replete with appeals to the senses, may be called the *marriage hymn* of this new friendship. The whole section is but *one sentence*!

LXXXVII. ii 2. *high built*; referring to the tall pipes of the lower notes.

iii. 1. *distant*; this *may* be meant to imply that Tennyson and Hallam kept aloof from boat races, etc (at Eton the latter was too delicate for boating); but the distance merely of this set of rooms from the river may be meant.

4. Bridges are particularized, to give a hint that it was Cambridge.

vi. 2-4. Philosophy, fine arts and literature, economics and commerce, political and social science. framework; social and political edifice.

vii. 3. Speak not quite beside the mark.

4. Speak more close to the mark.

viii. 2. Hallam would hit the mark—speak fully and exactly to the point.

3. Who but hung; who was present who did not eagerly wait, for our chief object in attending was to hear him speak.

ix. 2. Flowing oratory, but always joined to sense and reason.

3. when; in drawing which.

4. The God; the power of genius.

x. 4. The full projecting ridge at the base of the forehead, over the eyebrows, such as Angelo's portraits show him to have had.

LXXXVIII. i. 1. bird; the nightingale.

2. quicks; quick-set hedges.

3, 4. senses ... passions; grief and joy. meet; a state of mind in which both grief and joy are felt at the same time, and spread to other minds around ("radiate," ii. 1).

ii. 2. darkening; as evening comes on.

iii. 1. I should wish to be sad.

2. I cannot completely command the strings, so as to strike out of them notes of unmingled joy or unmingled grief; but, in spite of myself, notes of mingled joy and grief confusedly break forth.

3. The effect of this confused music on the whole leans to joy arising from mingled feelings of my first friendship, its cruel termination, the hope of its renewal in a better world, and, lastly, this new friendship on earth.

LXXXIX. i. 2. this; the poet is back to his home at Somersby.

ii. 3. liberal air; free country air.

iii. 1. for; that could enjoy.

3, 4. Hallam was a member of one of the Inns of Court at the time.

iv. 4. winking; the shimmer of the air near the ground in hot weather.

vi. 4. Tuscan; the literary dialect of Italian: Dante and Petrarch are meant, besides others.

vii. 2. happy; because engaged to Hallam.

viii. 4. banquet; a picnic.

ix. 3. changes; e.g. in the ministry.

4. Read a dialogue of Plato.

x. 4. Life in town does more than in the country to rub off individuality and what are called idiosyncrasies: men and women become too much of the same pattern, and both, alike, artificial.

xi. 2. Variety and individuality in character. This new creature of art, the man or woman of society, is not picturesque as the child of nature is. The former is machine-made, factory-made ("mill," x. 3), the latter hand-made, as it were—no two exactly alike.

xii. 1. glooming; towards evening.

2. afar; from the picnic excursion.

3. crimson; a star near the horizon, shortly after sunset, would have this tinge: a planet is here meant—Venus, because of the feminine.

4. father's grave; the west where the sun has set a short while ago. The masses of the planets, according to the nebular theory, were thrown off from the body of the sun; and, hence, they are his sons and daughters.

xiii. 2. veil; as it shut out the cowshed from view.

XC. I. 1. He; what cynic uttered this sentiment?

3. Friendship is the nearest resemblance on earth to life in the next world.

4. This cynical sentiment, as fares among wheat.

ii. 4. iron; cold and hard hearted.

iii. 3. here; back to life: little thinking they might take them at their word.

iv. 3. hard; tenacious of grip over his rights to his late father's property.

4. for a day; to the father (if he were to come back to life) from whom he inherited them.

v. 1. none of these; not so hard-hearted as these above.

3. Confusion; in his family, if he came back to life.

vi. 1. but; either (1) though he too has consoled himself (by taking to himself another friend), he will not behave like those described above; or (2) only, whatever others may feel towards the dead if they come back to them.

3. lonely ; that no eye sees ; in the secretest corner of his heart.

XCL. i. 2. mounted ; as contrasted with the low-flying king-fisher of l. 4.

ii. 2. Your mind such as I knew it at college, and in private life. in time ; as opposed to eternity. This was the *spring-time* of Hallam's life.

3, 4. Appear again with that ample forehead and clear eyes, that roused hopes disappointed on earth (but, no doubt, now being realized in the next world).

iv. 1. Not as ghosts do : Hamlet's father's, for instance.

3. after form ; body of a spirit of the next world. This is now the *summer* of Hallam's life.

4. In an angel's form, *brighter than the light of day*. Milton's angels are such.

XCII. i. 1. vision ; any shape visible to the eyes of the body.

2. vain ; an illusion.

ii. 1. Occurrences known only to us two.

4. I should say it was only my own recollections, and not due to my friend's presence.

iv. 1. They ; such phantom-warnings.

2. spiritual ; of my own spirit.

3, 4. Shadows of coming events cast before. The effect of refraction shows the heavenly bodies above the horizon, when they are still slightly below it.

XCIII. i. 1. see ; namely, in any form evident to the senses ; but may I not see you *in the spirit* ? (He does see him so in XCV.) dare ; for we know nothing for certain in all this.

ii. 1. visual ; perceptible to the senses : visible.

3. When the senses perceive nothing.

iii. 1. That invisible region where you now dwell.

3. abyss ; that separates this life from the next.

4. change (from earthly to heavenly state) of which we know nothing : which is too complex for us to understand ; hence our crude notions about ghosts and angels. Who knows what and how many changes man, body and soul, undergoes after death ? Perhaps he passes through ten heavens, such as Dante describes in the *Paradiso*.

iv. 3. My spirit, darkened in the flesh.

XCIV. i. Like the pure in heart, who, Scripture says, shall see God ; or like Sir Galahad who, in romance, alone sees the Grail.

ii. 1. *then*; O reader.

2. *golden day*; the light of heaven.

4. *all*; God and man.

iii. 4. A clear conscience as regards the past. Conscience may be distinguished from memory in l. 3 by making the former the moral faculty, the latter only one of the intellectual faculties, like another here mentioned, the imagination (l. 2).

iv. 3. *They*; these spirits of heaven, revisiting earth, do not enter such a house, i.e. such an unclean breast, as they enter one that is swept and garnished (et. iii.).

4. *household jar*; the discord that reigns within such an unclean breast.

XCV. i. 4. *silvery*; the moon was up.

iii. 2. *lit*; alighted on the tapers or near them.

4. Some sort of moth.

v. 3. In the different bed-rooms as each retired to rest.

vi. 1. *hunger*; for the company of the dead friend, that the living friends could never satisfy.

2. *glad year*; happy years of friendship. "Year" here is the poet's whole term of life. "glad year" is the happy portion of that life—the glad part of the year.

3. *fallen leaves*; letters written by one now dead. *fallen*; because the hand that wrote these letters is now numb in death. *green*; because the letters still retain all their original living power over me.

vii. 2. *silent-speaking*; for he read the letters to himself, not aloud.

3. No change could change his worth.

viii. 1, 2. True faith is quite consistent with bold inquiry into doubt.

3. *wordy snares*; of theology, or rather the abuse of it.

4. Evolve the clear full truth from a mere hint; penetrate to the core of truth through the husk and shell.

ix. 2. *the past*; when he was alive.

4. *soul*; "The Deity, may be" is the author's note: which adds, "I have often had that feeling of being whirled up and rapt into the Great Soul."

x. 1. *whirl'd*; like Elijah.

3. *which is*; and not merely seems. Our spirit, freed from the body (as the poet's now is), can alone perceive the essence,

the core, of this universe: our spirits, chained within the body, can only perceive its form, its shell, through the delusion of the senses: the world, seen in the spirit, is the reality; the world, seen through the senses, is an illusion.

4. The inner throb of life in the universe: the senses, on the other hand, can only see the outer face of things in the universe.

xi. 1. *Æonian*; see note XXXV. iii. 3. music; resolving into harmony that discord that the senses see in the world.

1-3. To the senses time seems now to creep, now to fly; chance seems to work violent changes, as the whim takes it; death seems to deal his strokes on the wrong lives, so that all three seem to produce much discord and confusion in this world; to the spirit, time, chance (or what we call so), and death all work in subjection to a supreme law, whose aim is to maintain the harmony and order of God's universe. This is the "music measuring out" of l. 1.

4. doubt; doubt as to whether all this harmony and order and law existed, came back as he began to recover from his trance.

xii. 1. My description of what I perceived in the spirit is vague.

2. In concrete human speech, that consists of material sounds or material writing, and can express ideas of material existence only, and not ideas of things spiritual.

3. Such thoughts that the mind can frame, but the tongue cannot adequately express through speech.

4. became; in that trance.

xiii. 1. This is the twilight of dawn.

2-4. The repetition from st. iv. is meant to show that his mind comes back to its actual earthly surroundings.

xiv. 4. still; as it was when there was no wind.

xv. 3. heavy-folded; many petalled.

xvi. If this night was full moon or near it, then, when the sun was rising the moon was setting: if not, then the light of dawn was reflected in the west. If the former, then the poet may have meant this allegory: east and west, i.e. the rising sun and the setting moon, i.e. waxing faith and waning doubt, typified the state of my mind, in which both were mingled when I awoke from my trance.

3. life; typified by the rising sun. death; typified by the sinking moon. In these two words, there is an obvious allusion to his trance and his waking from it; though, to be in keeping with his allegory, it is the trance that was the life, and the

waking the death. The passage from night to day typifies the passage from this life, with its faith mingled with doubt to the next life, with its faith freed from doubt.

4. The eternity of the next life, into which limited life on this earth expands, and in which faith will finally vanquish doubt.

2. Sweet-hearted; not merely as a bride should be, but *not embittered by doubt*.

4. And faith is heaven-born so that no good man can ever harbour doubt.

ii. 1. *one*; Hallam. There is no reason to think that his mind did not pass through such a stage

3. jarring; with doubt in matters of faith

4. true, in unison, in harmony, with faith.

iii. 1. Want of faith is often the cause or the effect of impurity in life, and, worse, it is too often made the pretext and even justification for impurity

2. Evolved the music of faith out of the discord of scepticism

4. creeds; which dogmatically forbid all doubt.

iv. 2. blind; by shutting his eyes to doubt, when it stares in the face by judging without hearing evidence.

3. spectres, for doubt, as opposed to truth, in reality corresponds to no real existence in the moral world.

v. 1. stronger; than it would have been without the *power* with and victory over doubt.

2. Power, of God night; of doubt. The *power* was with Hallam, in the dark hours of his *dark* God-forsaken

3. Raises doubts and solves them. *Light*

4. Light alone, faith that has never *feared*

vi. 1. Supply "dwells" after "But."

2. True faith is enveloped with *darkness* hidden in a cloud on Sinai. *Exodus xix 20*

3. gods of gold; falsehoods; the *golden calf*

4. trumpet, of truth.

Every powerful intellect grasps *the* *truth* *and* *the* *greatest* *names* *in* *the* *world*

those who have so grappled and overcome. If the reference was not to Hallam one whole section would not have been devoted to this subject.

XCVII. The comparison is between a husband and wife and the spirit of Hallam in the next world and that of Tennyson in this. The former has knowledge, for he sees the things of the next world face to face, the latter has faith in what he knows not yet. The former "sits apart," for death has separated the two; he is "rapt in matters deep and dark" and "knows a thousand things," for he has solved the mysteries of the next life; the latter "knows but matters of the house," for he has still to attend to the daily duties of life on earth; he feels his friend is "great and wise" in his knowledge of those mysteries, but does not understand them himself. Yet the old love of the days on earth between the two has never passed away.

i. 1. love; his friendship, personified. talked; after the fashion of Orpheus and Orlando; and, no doubt, the rocks and trees have responded sympathetically.

3. shadow; like the Brocken of the Harz. glory crown'd; in the next life, when he hopes to enjoy the fulness of love, such as angels feel.

4. All nature seems to be one great reflection, one great echo, of the all-absorbing passion of his own breast—love.

ii. This, coming between the references in XCVI. and XCVIII., may naturally be taken as a reference to a coming union; if so, it is counsel to the young bride, not to think that wide differences between husband and wife in powers of intellect, or in tastes and pursuits—if such there needs must be—can or should make any difference to the love between them. This intellectual gulf, for instance, is wider here in India than in Europe.

2. thee; Hallam. Even this coming marriage seems, by a sort of all-absorbing selfishness, to be nothing more than a mere echo of the relation between the poet still on earth and his dead friend in the next world. Hallam is the husband and Tennyson the wife.

3. Because this is a relation between spirit and spirit (mine and his); and the relationship cannot be put in more definite language, so as to be intelligible to earthly minds, than this language of an earthly relationship (of husband and wife).

iii. The use of the past tense looks back *from* the future upon what might happen after some years of married life; if the reference at all is to a *coming* union, rather than to one that has already taken place.

iv. 2 The days of courtship.

3. yet; now that they think apart, think differently from each other.

4. The faithless say, love of heart cannot survive change of mind—change in ways of thinking

v. 1, 2. Because now they think apart—the intellectual bond is snapped; but the bond of love still holds.

3. matters; e.g. those of vi. 1-3, or the question between doubt and faith.

4. seems; but does not. simple; in faith.

vi. 1, 2. Mental science and astronomy.

3. So near to her, and yet far away among the stars!

4. thinks; in the faith of her simple heart.

vii. 1. gift; it is only a violet. a gift of money value would have spoilt, or thrown suspicion on, the sentiment. years; of courtship.

3. what; for she does not understand these matters.

viii. 3, 4. The language is the language of such a wife's thoughts; she cannot think more definitely than this.

ix. 1. faith; in his greatness, although her knowledge of that greatness—of what it consists in—is very vague

Contrast the sweet simplicity of this section with the soaring or profound thought of many a section, and judge how wide was the range of Tennyson's powers.

XCVIII. i. In the *Memoir* (i. 148) this is said to be an allusion to Charles Tennyson's marriage tour on the Rhine in 1836. This, then, is another certainly fixed date between the two mentioned in the note to XXVIII. 1, and is another proof of the chronological arrangement of the sections set forth in the note to XXX. iv. But the author's note says the "you" here is imaginary.

3. In 1832.

ii. 2. That City; there is a fierce emphasis on these words and on Vienna in iii. 4; they plainly read or spell out "the hateful."

3. The gleam of death's eye is the will o' the wisp that allures us to the river of death

iv. 2, 3. What everywhere else are looked upon as blessings, seem to have a curse hanging over them in Vienna. This is the accusation of recrudescing grief, and we need not search the statistics of infant or other mortality in Vienna to verify it. There are references, in "friend," "bridal," "fathers," to the loss suffered by Tennyson himself, his sister and his friend's

father. "Births" refers to the large number of births among those living in sin in that (as in any other great) city.

4. wants; *not* the misery of the poor, but the luxury of the rich, in Vienna: the wants are the fanciful artificial wants of civilized life.

v. 2. cold; the love of outdoor life in the Viennese destroys their domestic happiness. The sense of loss makes the poet too severe in his view of Viennese life.

3. The relations of Austria with Napoleon: such as the marriage of Maria Louisa, Francis II.'s abdication of the title of Holy Roman Emperor, and the humiliation of the House of Hapsburg.

vi. 1. mother town; metropolis.

4. park; the Prater, which is the Hyde Park and Rotten Row of Vienna. brown; shade: Miltonic use.

vii. 1. content; the *bonhomie* of the Viennese.

4. The genial climate permits of this out-door life.

viii. 2-4. Their love for dancing and music and fireworks.

XCIX. ii. 1. darkling red; the "dim dawn" of i. 1: the anniversary of Hallam's death.

4. For I and Hallam often resorted to them.

iii. 1. foliaged; in vine or ivy.

2. song; the sounds of nature in autumn. care; of approaching winter.

v. 2. slumber; (1) in ice and cold, (2) the absence of perceptible motion, the poles being nearly fixed. *Betwixt*; from pole to pole.

3. For on this day they, too, lost a dear one. None but a strongly imaginative mind could find consolation from the thought of the sympathy of the myriads of utter strangers, out of the population of the whole earth, who *daily* lose a dear one. "*Myriads*" in iv. 4, in any but an indefinite sense, is an understatement, if we think of the number of daily deaths over the whole earth, and thence infer the number of mourners.

C. i. 1. hill; beyond which they had their picnic, in LXXXIX.

ii. 2. The fen country of Lincolnshire.

iii. 2. latest; when they have disappeared from other places.

v. 2. *kindlier*; happier than to-day.

CI. This and the two following sections refer to the removal of the Tennysons from Somersby.

i. Unwatch'd . . . unloved ; as often watched and loved by me.

4. burn . . . away ; make itself bare of its fiery-red leaves.

ii. 4. spice ; is this honey or fragrance ?

iv. 2. The fen country again.

3 Streaks of moonlight : Diana's arrows in ancient mythology.

v. 2. fresh ; in the minds of the new occupants.

vi. 2. glebe ; the cultivable land attached to the parsonage.

3. our ; of the Tennysons.

CII. i. 3. *divers* love ; for one is love for the home of his childhood ; the other, love for the house where he had often met his friend. It was not the death of the poet's father that necessitated their vacating the rectory : he had died in 1831.

ii. 2. *matin* ; of the morning of life : of childhood.

3. The nightingale's song.

iv. 2. after ; of youth and manhood.

v. 3. *losing game* ; for neither love will succeed in retaining me here longer.

vi. 3. The two loves, personified, embrace and weep.

4. pure ; all feeling of rivalry gone.

CIII. i. 4. after morn ; next morning when they vacated the parsonage.

ii. 1. hall ; the temple of human thought.

2. *maidens* ; the muses of Parnassus, transformed into the muses of modern thought, as explained in iii. 2, 3. *hills* ; the source, undiscovered by men, whence man's life on earth is derived.

4. river ; of man's life on earth.

iii. 1. This is the occupation of the *muses*

2. *sang*, the sciences and arts mentioned below may form the subject of poetry—are capable of poetic treatment. This poem itself is an illustration

2, 3. *wis*, in intellect the physical and mental sciences. *good* ; in conduct. the moral sciences. *graceful* ; in taste : the fine arts.

4. *veil'd* ; with the veil that is thrown between the living and the dead.

iv. 1. They sang to Hallam's spirit, for he excelled in all three.

3. dove; such too was God's messenger in the Bible.

4. sea; the next world. summons; for me to go: the summons was a gentle one, to judge by the messenger that served it; and ample time was allowed before it was to be obeyed, to judge by what follows.

v. 3. shallop; the small commencements of the poet's career.

vi. 4. iris; the vivid colours of poetry. golden reed; on which the poet is to pipe his "golden" songs: for true poetry is gold.

vii. 1. As the poet advanced in life.

3, 4. He watched the growth of modern thought in Europe. But we must not press the incidents of the dream too hard, to get an allegorical meaning in every one of them.

viii. 1. apart; taking no part in this work of general intellectual progress; for my heart was still lonely. (This actually happened to Tennyson.)

2. I felt the silent growth of poetic powers within me.

3. Anakim; giants mentioned in Scripture.

4. Titan's; Prometheus's, for instance. Tennyson must have silently taken measure of his strength. For instance, he must have felt that, great as Wordsworth was, he could take his place by his side.

ix. The progress of modern thought in Europe; nineteenth century ideas.

1. Universal peace. This muse is entirely modern, there being no muse of Parnassus corresponding to her.

2, 3. All nations of earth to be one nation; all empires, one empire; all languages, one language. Tennyson's large-hearted patriotism cannot be here supposed to refer to any particular race. This muse is a modern Clio.

4. For example, a theory of the material universe that will supersede the nebular theory. This muse is a modern Urania. Tennyson refers to great problems that still await solution, from men of genius, in the future: problems like (a) the extinction of war and a reign of universal peace; (b) the elevation of the feeling of patriotism into the still nobler one of humanity, and the formation of one nation out of the one human race; (c) the origin of the material universe. Common sense smiles at the thought of a solution, and not even a poet dares to sing of it, except in a dream.

x. 3. From ... deep; about to "cross the Bar" lying between the oceans of Life Here and Life Hereafter.

x. 4 ship; no doubt a confused recollection, in dream, of the ship that brought Hallam's remains to his native land.

xi. 1. man; Hallam, alive. 2. Because no longer human.

xii. 1, 2. Another struggle between two loves: the love for poetry and the love for his friend. They complain that the poet, in his love for his friend, has forgotten his love for the muses.

xiii. 3. Enter; an echo of Scripture language.

3, 4. So, at Tennyson's death, and reunion with Hallam in the next world, the muses are also received into that world. What does it mean? Perhaps, that in the next world, too, the

xiv. 3, 4. cloud; that surrounds the glory of heaven, lying low on the horizon in the distance.

The reader need hardly be asked to place the station by the

CIV. li. 4. Not the church bells of his native village. They are now in their new home in Epping Forest, Essex.

ul. 1. strangers', having no old associations.

CV. li. 1, 2. The Rev. George Tennyson had died in 1831, and had been buried at Somersby.

iii. 3. place; the old home where, from childhood, they had been accustomed to celebrate Christmas so.

4. We no longer care to celebrate Christmas, in the old fashion, in a new home. *Dying*; going out of fashion.

v. 1. See note on I. iii. 4.

vi. 3. motion; the twinkling light of stars.

vii. Natural scenery having a symbolic meaning

1. rising worlds; rising stars, and new worlds of hope to the poet. wood; Epping Forest, and the gloomy wood of grief he has passed through.

2. The seed of the summer of hope has slept long during the winter of grief.

3, 4. Let your months roll on, O revolving year of my life, to joyous summer and rich autumn, and so let my long grief give birth to rich hope.

- CVI. ii. 4. The false and the true, as enumerated below.
- iii. 1. saps; herein lies the falsehood of their grief: such grief is a *false note* in the music of man's life.
2. here; implying that we shall see them *elsewhere*.
3. The class called the poor exist because the class called the rich exist, and when the latter cease to exist under a more equitable distribution of wealth, the former will also cease to exist; none will have too much and none too little, but all will have enough and a little to spare.
4. all; and not merely of classes and class grievances.
- iv. 1. dying; because it is effete, has out-lived its time.
2. As in English politics, where, too often, men strive for party, not for the nation.
3. nobler; not based on vulgar distinctions, such as those of wealth or blood.
4. Manners dictated by the heart and not by the conventions of society, and laws meant to promote, not party interests, but the general good: laws based on morality.
- v. 2. coldness; absence of true friendship.
4. Rhymes of joy and hope.
- vi. 2. Society talk and social "amenities."
3. truth; in words. right; in actions.
- vii. 1. old shapes; diseases which used to be common: for instance, the plague and leprosy, formerly in Europe, and these and cholera, even nowadays, in the East. Diseases like these are *old enemies* of man.
4. This would be a true millennium.
- viii. 1. valiant man; man of *moral* courage: such courage that will survive in man's nature when war will be extinct and physical courage needless.
2. kinder; readier to help than to injure.
4. The same meaning as in vii. 4.
- CVII. i. 1. February 1st (1811). The celebration of a birthday, instead of a deathday, anniversary is significant of the change in the poet's mind from grief towards recovered happiness.
- ii. 4. Makes icicles that give the caves a jagged appearance.
- iii. 2. hard; sharply defined in the clear frosty air.
3. grides; this word does not seem to have taken root in English. It is in common use in Italian.
4. ribs; branches below. horns; branches and twigs aloft, bare of leaves. iron; (1) same as "hard," l. 2; or (2) frozen hard.
- iv. 1. drifts; drifting clouds (drifting out to sea).
3. breaks; breaks upon.

vi. 3. *what'er*; "though he is a spirit: but what is a spirit?" What a change in the mind that can *now* speak so carelessly about spirits, but that *once* entered so deeply into speculations as to their nature and destiny!

CVIII. i. 1-3. Grief has at last humanized his soul

3. alone; without seeking for sympathy from the living

4. To feed the wind with sighs is a piece of superfluity, for sighs are wind.

ii. 1. barren; producing no fruit of good works. See iv. 1. faith; trust of a future meeting with his dead friend.

2. vacant; after something, I know not what.

3, 4. To speculate about heaven and hell, or what are called so; to speculate on a life after death

iii. 1, 2. What I say about the next world is not a true description of it, but only a product of my own fancy

3, 4. And what I say about Hallam and his life in the next world is only a reflection of what I knew about him here on earth, only a little glorified by my imagination: when I say I see the face he now wears there, I merely draw the face he wore here, with touches added from my fancy.

iv. 3, 4. us; the living. thee; the dead.

4. *Whatever*; there is an unmistakeably careless tone about this word here, and in CVII. vi. 3. wisdom; such as he might have imparted to me had he lived: sleep; and so is lost to me.

CIX. i. 1. Outpourings of the heart.

2. His talk on family matters. *sonatas*; domestic incidents from which the subject matter of such talk arises. Hallam was not above talk on such subjects

3. His talk on poetry and the fine arts

ii. 1. *Seraphic*; according to the mediæval "hierarchy" this should be "*cherubic*" - the *seraphs* being angels of love, not of knowledge. but this distinction has long passed away.

2. As if in intellectual wrestling.

3. Like Burke's: close reasoning joined to fiery emotion, in the cause of truth and justice

4. The listener could not follow, so rapid was his delivery

iii. 2. *ascetic*; he was not a nature that hatred of evil made to withdraw from an evil world, instead of grappling with it; while loving good, and hating evil, he enjoyed life in the world.

4. April blood; season of youth

iv. 2, 3. Freedom enjoyed under a constitutional monarchy

3, 4. The Jacobins and Red Republicans of the French revolutions may, in their excesses, be called "*schoolboys*."

vi. 1. have been; Latin *fuere*. thee; as made up of these qualities.

2. in vain; without profiting by your example.

3, 4. I who survive and did not profit by your wisdom.

CX. ii. 2. disarm'd; because you had no pride to confront theirs

3, 4. The venomous tongue of slander.

iv. 4. tact; in the management of men; the first quality in a born ruler of men. Christian; not Machiavellian.

v. 4. The will to imitate what it loves.

CXI. i. 3. golden ball; the symbol at the end of a sceptre or held in the hand of kings in pictures.

ii. 4. pale; that an unbroken colt breaks through. gilded; of fashionable society.

iii. 1. act; act a part: seem to be what he is not.

4. He showed less than he felt, and yet he showed so much! gentleness; qualities of a gentleman.

iv. 3. manners... flower; character is the flower—the end—of life, to which end the work of life is only the means.

4. native; nothing assumed, all natural.

v. 3. Made him lower his eyes in guilty consciousness of harbouring such feelings or thoughts.

4. light; "the expression of the eye," L. 3. The divine serenity of his eyes, indicative of a godlike nature.

CXII. i. 1. high wisdom; ironical: wisdom that judges of merit by actual performance: that takes nothing upon trust, as opposed to my lower wisdom, that is inclined to give this sort of credit.

2. temperate; because, looking with indulgent eyes, I fail to notice the "insufficiencies."

3. glorious; of genius, *e.g.* genius that excels in every noble walk of life. insufficiencies; much promise, but little or no actual performance: genius nipped in the bud: possibilities never realized.

4. Set light by; underestimate: think little of: look with severe eyes upon. narrower; of talent: *e.g.* talent as a specialist in some particular walk in life. perfectness; talent that has had full scope to develop itself in its own special narrow walk: talent, full blown. My "wisdom" lies in my not underestimating "glorious insufficiencies"; but I make that wisdom "less" by underestimating "narrower perfectness." [Now the *crux* is this: Is or is not Hallam included among the "glorious insufficiencies"? Those who think he is not, take "insufficiencies" to mean the inequalities of genius, very great in one direction, very deficient in others; and they make a *third class*—that of

"glorious perfectness," and place Hallam in that class. Those who think he is so included, because there seem to be two, not three, such classes meant in the text, take "insufficiencies" in the sense given above.]

Because of the powers enumerated below in st. iii.

case "lords of doom" is a general term for all men, including Hallam. See CXVIII. vi. 4.

iii. 1. For what wert thou? estimated by my standard of glorious, but unfulfilled possibilities. Stanzas iii, iv. set forth these possibilities. [It is the loss of all this that *might have*

hitherto unknown, unexpected.

2. touch; of inspiration: the sudden display of unexpected power as occasion arose, is meant.

3. hope; the hope is set forth in the next stanza.

iv. 1. The interests of a whole nation co-ordinated; as the four elements build up this earth.

2. calm; like that in the centre of a cyclone. tempest; political tempests.

3. Measures of reform that affect the interests and passions of a whole nation, so carried out as to be willingly submitted to
 means follow and obey the
 of the ruled submit to
 thought; the wisdom of

IN MEMORIAM

in the future of England; crises in future English history.

3. *E.g.* a great Bill in Parliament.

v. The reference is to the aberrations of knowledge from proper sphere or orbit. These aberrations began, in the history of Christianity, with Gnosticism, in whose doctrines knowledge first began to meddle with questions about the things of heaven. This proper sphere should make knowledge confine itself to questions about the things of earth only.

iii. 2. highest mission; to rule an empire. sent; from heaven. Pallas may have been a second "heaven-born minister": the early maturity of his powers, like Pitt's, justifies this expectation.

iv. 1. licensed boldness; Chartism, for example.

2. When opportunity offers.

3. lever; like that of Archimedes.

4. Should an attempt be made to alter the monarchy of England into a republic.

v. 2. agonies; struggles; Greek sense.

4. The struggle between established order and revolution.

CXIV. i. 4. pillars; like those of Hercules: "thus far and no further."

ii. 1. Her forehead is not serene like that of wisdom.

2. sets; like a flint. forward; bold; for she has no "reverence": her eyes ever look forward, never upward.

3. leaps; an act of unwisdom: takes a leap in the dark.

chance; of life, of success.

4. The aim of knowledge is low: it makes everything subservient to the gratification of the passions: such as those for wealth, power, fame.

iii. 1. Half-grown; for what we know is only half of what we do not, but yet may, know. Newton put it still more modestly; but the two halves here are the knowledge of the things of this life and of the next.

2. She is afraid of the grave, because she *does not know* what is beyond it: i.e. knowledge is helpless to aid us to conquer the fear of death.

3. Knowledge, in its own nature, can have no love, for love is not of the intellect, and knowledge is all of the intellect: so too, she can have no faith, for faith in its nature is a confession of ignorance, since she believes what she cannot know. But knowledge, if wise, may submit to both.

4. wild Pallas; false or pseudo-wisdom; as knowledge becomes if divorced from love and faith.

iv. 1. Demons; while wisdom was born out of the head of a god, even among the heathen. (Pallas out of the head of Zeus.)

3. power; this is one of the fruits of knowledge.

v. 1. Must subdue her wildness (iii. 4).

vi. 3. goal; of wisdom.

vii. 1. grew; in wisdom as rapidly as you did.

4. reverence; same as faith. charity; same as love, in iii. 3. Wisdom, unlike knowledge, has not in view the selfish ends of "desire" and "power."

CXV. i. 2. burgeon; bud. Tennyson tries to revive this word from its use in the seventeenth century.

ii. 4. sightless; invisible. Shakspearian use.

iv. 2. greening; shining green, verdant.

v. 3. violet; the colour of half-mourning.

CXVI. i. 1. buried time; winter. here memories of past grief for the dead.

3. gives and takes; tinges with its own sadness the early spring, and is tinged by the joy of that spring.

ii. 1. stirring; alive (e.g. with its own motion, and with the fragrance of flowers and the song of birds).

2. The insect world. re-orient; rising again, reviving

4. The goodness and love of God.

iv. 4. Than for the renewal of our friendship in the next world.

CXVII. i. 4. faller; because deferred. interest has been accruing, as it were, which he hopes to draw.

iii. 1. In the hour-glass. 2. On the sundial.

3. In a clock.

4. Time as measured by the stars.

L-iii. Every minute and hour and year of delay, will be compensated for, to me, by a hundredfold.

CXVIII. i. 2. youth; limited time, however old or long, must be always young, compared with the long age of eternity.

4. earth and lime; perishable matter; flesh and bone; the latter containing much lime or calcium.

iii. 2. seeming random; but really guided by Providence, forms; as nebulae, without any definite shape.

3. cycle: either (1) cyclonic, or (2) overturning in cycles. Both meanings are applicable; for instance, sun spots are cyclonic storms that reach a maximum every eleven years; but the second meaning is more appropriate here.

4. at the last; the poet thinks it is not necessary here to mention the brute animate creation that preceded man's creation; the man; the race of man.

iv. 2. Savage man was the predecessor of civilized man.

3. Man on earth is the predecessor of man in the next world, in the rising scale of intelligence and purity.

4. If man is a microcosm, and, in his own inward progress from lower to higher, typifies the rising scale of the brute and inanimate worlds.

v. 1. Both the nature of man and that of the brute and inanimate worlds advance from lower to higher: as the shapeless nebula becomes a shaped star, the simple organism of an amoeba becomes, successively, the more and more complex organisms of a mollusc and a vertebrate; so, from the man-brute is evolved the man, and from the man is evolved the higher man of the next world. And as the beautiful world of stars was formed after ages of violent perturbations in the shapeless masses of their parent nebulae, so the beauty of man's character is formed after trial and suffering. No objection need be taken to the use of the word "evolved" above. (See note on vii. 4.)

2. Trial and suffering is the crown of life on earth for man; just as the convulsions of nature are the necessary condition of her beauty. (See iii. 3.) 4. Idle; lying useless in the mine.

vi. The reader need hardly be reminded of Longfellow's poem, that works out the same metaphor. 3. The tempering of steel.

4. batter'd; as with a hammer. doom; the circumstance of Necessity under which the free-will of man acts, and by which it is limited and thwarted.

vii. 2. Get rid of the brutish sensuality of our nature, and be spiritualized.

3, 4. Get rid of the wild-beast cruelty of our nature, and become humane: cherish love, instead of hatred, in our breasts. ape; this word at once suggests Darwin's *Origin of Species* and *The Descent of Man*; but these works did not appear till long after the publication of *In Memoriam*. The reference, all the same, is to the theory that the different species of animals are not rigidly distinct, but that a lower species may develop into a higher, so that an ape may develop into man. This theory had been taught already by Lamarck, in a rudimentary way. In the atmosphere of the learned world of Europe, there floated cloudy fancies about man's origin and descent, in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, till Chambers's *Vestiges of Creation* came out anonymously before *In Memoriam*, and raised a great storm. Tennyson's nature, no doubt, recoiled from a belief in such ignoble ancestry: "but if such is our descent, let us try and get rid of the ancestral taint," he seems to say here. ape; the resemblance that the lowest type of mankind is thought to bear to these animals. tiger; the cruelty inherent in man's lower nature: "Man's inhumanity to man," as Burns puts it. ape and tiger refer respectively to the resemblance in body and mind between debased human nature and these brutes.

CXXI. i. 1. o'er ; above (in the sky).

ii. 1, 2. Labour ceases on land and water.

3. closing ; for the night.

4. darken'd ; in sleep.

iii. 1. Phosphor ; the morning star : *i.e.* the *hope* of meeting Hallam. for ; because of your repose (as Hesper, during night).

3. wakeful ; early rising : say, the cock (not the nightingale, to whom this epithet, in another sense, is applied by Milton).

4. greater light ; the sun, and, allegorically, the happiness of *actually* meeting Hallam in the next world ; such as he now feels assured of.

v. 1, 2. Separation (Hesper) from Hallam *must* imply reunion (Phosphor) with him : the two are parts of *one* event.

3. Thou ; star with a double name, one of which applies to my present happy frame of mind (in the full faith that I shall be reunited to him, so that the star of hope is a *rising* one), and the other, to my past misery (when grief obscured this faith, and the star of hope seemed to be a *setting* star).

4. changed ; from west to east. same ; Hesperus and Phosphor are two names for the same star (Venus as she is the evening or the morning star).

CXXII. i. 2. When I rebelled against the tyranny of grief.

4. So that the sweet influence of eternal hope, hitherto clouded by grief, might again shine upon me.

ii. 1. placid ; for the violence of grief is gone, and grief is calm.

3. stars ; of hope of the *many* joys in store for me.

4. No longer fighting against law and the will of God, as I did in the hour of grief.

iii. 3, 4. breast ... brow ... blood ; emotion ... intellect ... will and action.

iv. 1. Be filled with the inspiration of your presence.

3. former ; in youth.

4. Divest myself of thoughts of a life of friendship, destined to end in death, and dwell upon thoughts of eternal life and eternal friendship. Supply before "I," as the co-ordinate of "as" in l. 3, the following : "So, now, in this present flash of joy" (*i.e.* in the renovated youth I now feel).

v. 2. dew-drop ; tears he has shed.

3. wizard ; because no one knows whence it comes, whither it goes : magic in its suddenness.

3. darkness ; of reason and doubt.

4. nature ; and her so-called laws. through ; implying that nature is not the final cause, but that there is a cause beyond her, of which she is only the intermediate agent. She alone could not have created man, body and soul : she might, at the utmost, have created his body.

CXXV. i. 2. would ; even though I did not wish it.

4. tongue ; but none in the heart.

ii. 2. dimmer ; through grief.

3. gracious lies ; for instance that his friendship had died with the death of his friend, and that his grief was for both deaths : this last is the graciousness.

4. truth ; that friendship cannot die.

iii. 1-3. care ; through grief. He ; love. sweet and strong ; through hope.

iv. 3. electric force ; power of nerve acting instantaneously ; that sustains the body, but cannot sustain the soul. Tennyson concedes this much to science, that man's physical organization may be explained by it, but not his spiritual nature : nerve-force may be electricity, as science says.

4. pulses ; the arterial system, the blood. fail ; when the body dies.

CXXVI. i. 4. couriers ; messengers. So, messages pass between the two friends : that is, they think of each other : Hallam of Tennyson on earth, no less than Tennyson of Hallam in the next world.

ii. 3. Love has a higher court in the next world.

4. guard ; faith, that protects and sustains love. The epithet "faithful" seems to imply that faith is meant here.

iii. 1. sentinel ; hope, that keeps a look out for love.

4. Whispers that all is well in the future not only in my own individual ease, but in the economy of the universe. deep night ; of fear and doubt in the present.

CXXVII. i. 1. Faith, in its essence, continues to live, though its old form may be destroyed. For instance, modern science has destroyed the old form of Christian faith, but the essence of that faith still lives in a new form.

2. fear ; lest there should be no faith, but that it might perish, both essence and form.

3. Well ; for it forebodes peace and calm in the end. storm ; of social upheaval.

4. deeper voice ; of Him who directs the storm. We think of Addison's angel here.

ii. 1. eddies ; that carry back the "flood" a short space. flood ; stream of Progress : the ultimate All-is-well.

3. Like Egyptian, Greek, Roman.

4. mysteries ; because Time effects Good through Evil.

iii. 1. Times of change and revolution in states, like the changes of fear and hope the poet has experienced in his own breast. Hope ; that inspired by the onward "flood." Fear ; that inspired by the backward "eddies."

2, 3. If history merely repeated itself, without making any progress ; if war and revolution did not better the world ; if, themselves being evil, they produced no good.

iv. 1. To draw ; in war. to sheathe ; in peace. useless ; for, under the supposition, neither war nor peace would better the world.

2. lies ; like those uttered by a demagogue, or like Napoleon's bulletins.

3. Religious discord and schism ; producing, not Christian love, but unchristian hatreds.

4. Legislation, amendment of the law ; which, under the supposition, would be merely altering words, without improving things.

v. 1. To shift power from the hands of a despot into those of the mob, for instance : where there is again change without progress.

2. To think that learning cannot advance the practical interests of the human race, but is only a closet and book-worm pursuit. Bacon, too, protested against such an opinion.

3, 4. To make old things look like new ; make things internally rotten look externally beautiful ; for instance, as Sir Walter Scott tried to conceal the seamy side of feudalism under the bright lining of romance.

vi. 1, 2. If this is all that time can do in the life and history of man on earth—namely, *change without progress*, why, then, I heartily despise time and all his works. in part ; like St. Paul.

3, 4. But this is not all that time can do ; for the eyes of my lesser faith (i. 4) see, in time and his works, art, design, co-operation, harmony : so that seeming present social evil only works towards future social good. The river of Progress flows towards the sea of Perfection, and does not meander aimlessly along the inland wastes of mere Change.

CXXIX. i. 4. lower ; on earth. higher ; in the next world.

ii. 2. This is the lower love. 3. This is the higher love.

4. This passionately repeated cry shows that Love has at last shaken off Doubt for ever.

iii. 2. darker ; in your present condition.

3. good ; for man : for the whole race.

4. Think that the world, all mankind, will share in that
 : ..
 : ..
 : ..
 : ..
 : ..

CXXX. This section is, if we may so call it, the *apotheosis* of the dead friend, who is merged in God and becomes all the world to him, the poet.

i. 2. star, flower; types of the greatest and the smallest of things in nature.

3, 4. That power that now diffuses you through all nature, all the universe, *does not yet rob you of your individuality for me*: so that I continue to love, and know very well *whom* it is I love. This diffusion, therefore, is *not* of the nature of a Buddhist Nirvana. more and more, my Love tends to become infinite like the object on which it is fixed.

iii. 1. before; of those four years.

2. This is the diffusion through nature and the apotheosis into God. God; Hallam's Soul. Nature; his Body. (See CXXIV. 6.)

iv. 4. You shall not lose your individuality for me—in my eyes.

CXXXI. 1. 1. The living stream of free-will that flows towards belief in the unseen, and sweeps off doubts against that belief; as opposed to the dead, barren desert of reasoning, in which doubt and scepticism wander about. The possession of free-will makes man to be a *living* being, and not the electric machine that science makes him out to be. (See 1 *Corinthians*, x. 4.)

2. seems, but is not—phenomena. shock; of destruction.

3. rock; the source of this river of faith; the rock is the Will of God on which is founded the free-will of his creature, man—the Rock of Ages.

4. Such a faith is productive of good works: while reasoned scepticism is barren.

i. 1. dust; life on earth

2. him; a dead friend, for instance: so "one" in l. 4

3. Years of grief and doubt that have yet failed to undermine faith: time conquered by faith.

4. This is the *living* influence of the dead over the living.

iii. 2. With these words *reason and science are finally put out of court*. truths; the next life, the immortality of the soul, the eternal nature of friendship.

3. all we loved; friends now dead.

4. all we flow from; God.

CONCLUSION. i. 2. thou; Edmund Lushington, about to be married to the poet's sister, Cecilia.

ii. 3. daughter; the poet's sister, Emily.

iii. 2. 1833 plus 9 gives 1842 as the date of the wedding.

3. The old belief required only seven years for this complete change of the human body.

iv. 4. colossal; the result of a faith *that cannot be shaken*: as opposed to the fleeting songs of l. 2.

v. 4. greater; the struggle with doubt has given him this strength.

vi. 2. weaker; when doubt was strong in him.

3. Half these songs are nothing more than idle rhymes. brawling; like a mountain stream: much noise, little water.

4. Alternations of short-lived faith, eclipsed by recurring doubt.

viii. 3. shook; twinkled: no doubt, there are happy tears in her eyes.

ix. 3, 4. This seems to have been a long attachment then.

x. 3, 4. He wears learning like an ornament, and does not carry it like a burden. Lushington was professor of Greek at Glasgow.

xiii. 2. The feet of her, my darling. dead; the graves in the chancel.

xvi. 3. blind; the belfrey walls must have had no windows, but only loopholes or oylets. rocks; with the vigorous ringing.

4. dead; the time must be advanced autumn. Inanimate objects share in the joy.

xviii. 3. This grave is out in the churchyard: whose can it be? and where was the wedding solemnized?

4. This, and next line, seem to, but do not, indicate that the grave was Hallam's; that was in the chancel.

xix. 2. them; the happy couple.

3, 4. The wedding breakfast and the honeymoon tour.

xx. 2. whiter; brighter, less clouded.

3. Memory of grief now dying away.

xxii. 2. guest; Hallam's spirit. This stanza and the last four give a character to what otherwise would have been merely the description of a wedding.

xxvi. 1. The wedding dinner.

2. thought; of grief. 3. double; to the couple.

xxvii. 2. loud; when ringing the marriage peal.

4. fire; the moon.

xxix. 1. white-faced; stuccoed, plastered.

3. and; supply "pass."

4. silver; water. hills; of Wales and Somersetshire?

xxx. 4. shores; of wherever they had gone for the honeymoon.

xxxi. 2. system; the solar system, for example.

3. draw; draw itself. *vast*; the eternal and infinite soul, from which our human souls are emanations. *Platonic*.

4. And take birth into a human body.

This wish for a son (or daughter) worthy of such parents (and, we might add, of *such an uncle*) is quite in keeping with this epithalamium. The poem on death concludes with the hope of a birth.

xxxii. 1. lower phase; embryonic life. The human embryo, looks on anatomy and physiology tell us, much resembles the embryo of the lower animals.

xxxiii. 1. eye to eye; whereas we, the present race, see darkly through a glass, or indirectly through reflexion, as from a mirror.

3. The mind of man, when fully developed then, will in reality be what it now vainly calls itself—the lord of creation; whereas now, matter sometimes triumphs over mind, because man has not yet acquired complete command over the powers of nature.

4 The book of nature will no longer be a sealed book, as, in some of its pages, it now is, to man, e.g. the origin of matter, the differentiation of matter.

xxxiv. 2. we; the present generation

4. them; a future and more perfect, or less imperfect, generation.

xxxv. 1. The last remembrance, the last name ("fractal") in the poem, is that of Hallam.

3. He was born in advance of his age

xxxvi. 2. one law; the law of laws, the final law—the "primary law" of God, as Bacon calls it—one element in the real world; namely, pure unmixed good. In the physical world there are many elements at war with one another; the result is Evil; but even physical science is now working towards resolving the multiplicity of the elements into mere modes of one element.

3. When man shall be as like God as it is possible for a creature to be like his Creator

The poem ends with this confession of faith in the progress of creation—*eternal upward progress*

CONCLUSION. i. 2. thou; Edmund Lushington, about to be married to the poet's sister, Cecelia.

ii. 3. daughter; the poet's sister, Emily.

iii. 2. 1833 plus 9 gives 1842 as the date of the wedding.

3. The old belief required only seven years for this complete change of the human body.

iv. 4. colossal; the result of a faith *that cannot be shaken*: as opposed to the fleeting songs of l. 2.

v. 4. greater; the struggle with doubt has given him this strength.

vi. 2. weaker; when doubt was strong in him.

3. Half these songs are nothing more than idle rhymes. brawling; like a mountain stream: much noise, little water.

4. Alternations of short-lived faith, eclipsed by recurring doubt.

viii. 3. shook; twinkled: no doubt, there are happy tears in her eyes.

ix. 3, 4. This seems to have been a long attachment then.

x. 3, 4. He wears learning like an ornament, and does not carry it like a burden. Lushington was professor of Greek at Glasgow.

xiii. 2. The feet of her, my darling. dead; the graves in the chancel.

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xxii. 1. lower phase; embryonic life. The human embryo, books on anatomy and physiology tell us, much resembles the embryo of the lower animals.

4. crowning race; distant posterity: what the human race will rise to in the future, till the race of man, ceasing to be man, will pass into the higher race of what, for want of a better word, we call angels, in the upward gradation of souls.

xxviii. 1. eye to eye; whereas we, the present race, see darkly through a glass, or indirectly through reflexion, as from a mirror.

3. The mind of man, when fully developed *then*, will in reality be what it now vainly calls itself—the lord of creation; whereas now, matter sometimes triumphs over mind; because man has not yet acquired complete command over the powers of nature.

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3. When man shall be as like God as it is possible for a creature to be like his Creator

The poem ends with this confession of faith of the whole creation—*eternal upward progress*

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